

1½d.

Daily Mirror

Something
You Will
Appreciate.
(See page 6.)

No. 312.

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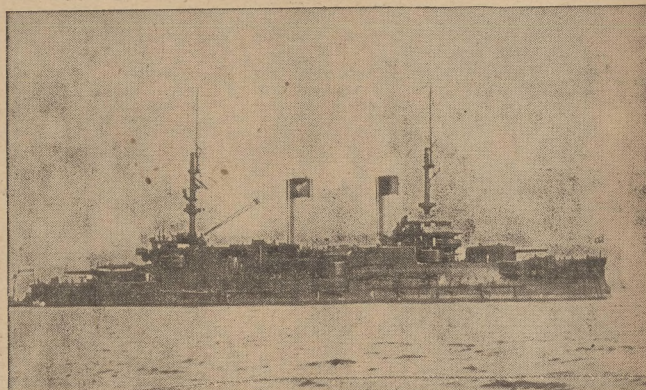
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE BALTIC FLEET, WHICH LEFT VIGO YESTERDAY.



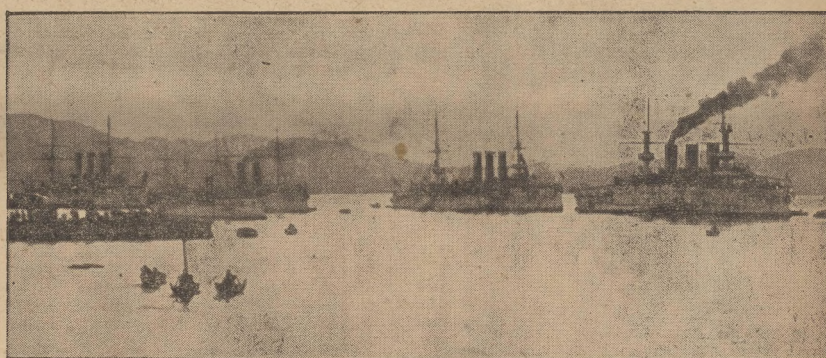
The Kniaz Suvaroff in the harbour at Vigo.



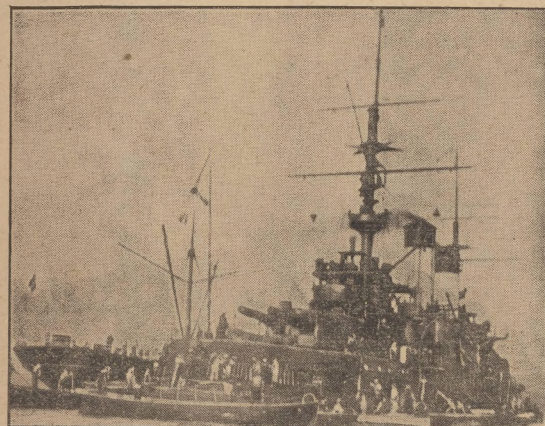
The Orel in the bay at the entrance to Vigo Harbour.



The Alexander III. at Vigo.



The warships of the Baltic Fleet with steam up at Vigo.



The Borodino coaling in the harbour at Vigo. The German collier is seen close to the warship on the left.



One of the vessels of the Baltic Fleet, which left Vigo yesterday.

These photographs of the Russian Baltic Fleet were taken by the "Daily Mirror's" special correspondent.

BRADLEY MARTIN MARRIAGE.

Dazzling Display of Wealth at a Highland Castle.

PRESENTS WORTH £500,000

American Bridegroom Will Wear £8,000 Kilt and Costume.

There will be a dazzling display of wealth and splendour at Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's picturesque home in the Highlands of Scotland, to-day, when a very wealthy American couple are to be married.

Miss Helen Phipps, the bride, is the younger daughter of an important American iron magnate, while Mr. Bradley Martin, the bridegroom, is the only son of fabulously rich parents and brother of Lady Craven.

Never before has the ancient feudal home of the Scottish nobleman, which is now leased from him by Mr. Phipps, the bride's father, seen such a lavish spectacle. It is estimated that the flowers alone, which are being specially sent from London, to decorate the church and castle, will cost £1,500.

Bridegroom's Jewelled Costume.

The bride's dress—a Parisian creation of white satin and rare lace—has cost nearly £4,000, while the diamond stomacher, necklace, and hair ornaments she will wear are said to be worth £20,000.

Such a splendid costume as that to be worn by the bridegroom has probably never been seen on a bridegroom before. Mr. Bradley Martin will wear Highland dress, and, according to accounts cabled from America, the jewels with which it is adorned have cost £8,000.

Only one bridesmaid, Miss Amy Phipps, will attend the bride, and she will be attired in white and wear a quantity of priceless old lace.

Special precautions are being taken at Beaufort Castle for the safeguarding of the splendid wedding presents which will be on view. They are said to be worth half a million pounds.

Among them is an immense diamond tiara fashioned after the bride's own design, a diamond and pearl necklace worth £10,000 from the bridegroom, and from Mr. Andrew Carnegie a diamond and pearl crown; while the bride's father has given her a corbeille of splendid jewels worth a fortune.

Cost of a Wedding.

Some idea of the wealth to be displayed at this ceremony may be gathered from the following table, which represents the estimated cost of the flowers, the dresses of the bridal couple, and the presents:—

| | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| Flowers | £1,500 |
| Bride's dress | 4,000 |
| Bride's jewels | 20,000 |
| Bridegroom's costume | 8,000 |
| Presents | 500,000 |

The couple will spend their honeymoon at Coombe Abbey, near Coventry, the seat of Lord Craven, who is brother-in-law to the bridegroom.

SENSATIONAL DOCK TRAGEDY.

A sensational tragedy occurred in Leith yesterday.

On Saturday Richard Clark Cruickshank, a boot salesman, was suspended from his employment. Yesterday he jumped into the Edinburgh Dock with one of his children, and his wife jumped in with another.

The man, woman, and one child were rescued; the second child was drowned.

Cruickshank was arrested on a charge of murder.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST SHOW-WOMAN.

"Granny" White, the oldest travelling show-woman in the country, died at Falkirk last night at the age of eighty-nine.

She was born at Shoreditch, and with her husband attended fairs from Land's End to John o' Groat's, always travelling by road.

At one time their van was drawn by four dogs. During her whole life, Mrs. White was an abstainer, and had never been sheltered by a house roof.

MR. DAN LENO'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Mr. Dan Leno will take place at Tooting Cemetery on Tuesday next.

Leaving the house—Springfield, Atkins-road, Balham—at 11.30 a.m., the cortege will proceed first to the Church of the Ascension, Balham-hill, where a service will be held.

Messages of sympathy have been received from Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and many other members of the theatrical profession.

LADY DOCTOR'S APPEAL. Charges University Examiners with Unfairness.

The Bishop of Durham yesterday sat as visitor to the university to decide an appeal by Miss Cadell, a lady doctor practising in London, against the refusal of the Durham University authorities to admit her as candidate for the final M.B. examination.

Miss Cadell, who already holds high medical degrees at Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, became a student at Durham College of Medicine, and after passing the preliminary examinations failed when she sat for the final.

As a result of inquiries she made, she came to the conclusion that she had not been fairly treated by the examiners, and in a letter to the officials of the university accused them of unfairness and favouritism.

Thereupon the fees she had paid for re-examination were returned, and she was informed she would not be permitted to sit for any examination at Durham until she had withdrawn the offending letters and apologized.

She appealed to the Warden of the university—Dean Kitchen—who decided against her, and from his decision the present appeal was lodged.

For the university it was urged that such letters, if allowed, would be subversive of all discipline.

The Bishop ruled that the sole question before the Court was whether the letters complained of were a breach of university discipline, and on this point he reserved his judgment.

DIED BY PROXY.

Strange Story of Death-bed Dodge at Bournemouth.

A most sensational sequel to the story of Cornelius Herz, who was implicated in the Panama scandal, and escaped from Paris to Bournemouth, is told by the Paris "Figaro."

Cornelius Herz was always too ill to be moved from his Bournemouth home to a French criminal court. His state gradually grew worse, and he died after much suffering.

It is now stated that the two doctors sent by the French Government to inquire into the state of his health were deceived.

According to a little book written by a servant of Herz, they were shown in the place of the real Herz another man who was dying, and who, in point of fact, died three days later, while the real Herz escaped.

This book gives the name of this impostor, and where he was buried. It also states that his daughter received £500.

BOY STAGE MANAGER.

Who Made Children at His Majesty's Theatre Play "The Tempest."

To be a stage manager at fifteen years of age is a record, and "Mr." Claude Raines, the call-boy of His Majesty's Theatre, is justly proud of his work.

"The twenty little girls in the ballet wanted to do 'The Tempest' by themselves," he said when interviewed yesterday. "After a little while they got in an awful muddle."

"Then one of them, who is a friend of mine, asked me if I wouldn't stage-manage the show. I said, 'All right,' and since then we got on fine, though if I'd had more time it would have been better still."

Mr. Tree himself was very pleased, both with Monday's performance and the really creditable management of the boy, who has before now appeared upon the stage as "Winkles," in "The Last of the Dandies," and "Little Sono," in "The Darling of the Gods."

Claude Raines's great ambition is to be a stage manager, and he has certainly shown great aptitude for the calling.

CLOSING SCORES IN BILLIARD MATCHES.

Play in the match of 9,000 up between John Roberts and V. T. Atkins, in which the champion concedes. Atkins 3,000, was resumed at Edinburgh yesterday. Closing scores: Atkins (in play), 5,001; Roberts, 2,125.

At the saloon in Soho-square Lawson (scratch) and Reece (receives 2,750) continued their game in the tournament. Last night's scores: Reece, 4,335; Dawson, 1,856.

The game on level terms between Harverson and Weiss was continued at Leicester-square. In the afternoon Harverson made a break of 180, and in the evening ran up 154. Scores last night: Harverson, 2,606; Weiss, 1,330.

ACTOR SHOT ON THE STAGE.

A revolver which was being used in "A Traitor Prince," presented by Mr. E. Carter Livesey's company, at the Theatre Royal, Leicester, was accidentally discharged during the performance, inflicting a wound in the hand of one of the actors.

MILK AND MICROBES.

Suggested Japanese Exhibition Coldly Received.

Considerable discussion took place at the L.C.C. meeting yesterday respecting an application from a syndicate to occupy the vacant site in the Strand for a period of eleven months at a rent of £7,500.

It was stated that the syndicate proposed to hold a Japanese Exhibition on the site, but no one seemed to know what the character of the show would be.

Mr. John Burns considered that such an exhibition would have a vulgarising tendency. Did the chairman of the committee understand what a Japanese tea-house was?

Colonel Rotton hoped that nothing offensive to Russia would be allowed.

It was decided not to let the site until the fullest particulars were given.

ALL HALLOWS' GHOST.

Spectre of an Abbess Haunts Cheshire Rectory.

With each returning All Hallows Day the villagers of Cheadle, in Cheshire, have for generations looked for the apparition of the Abbess of Godstow, who died in 1359 of a broken heart.

In the early hours of yesterday morning members of the rector's household are said to have seen the spectre again. They speak of its rustling silk gowns and other eerie sounds, all of which, however, are consistent with the character and gentleness of an abbess.

One who saw the vision describes its form as that of a lady attired in black. It appeared standing on a landing, and vanished when spoken to.

Another story refers to the spirit of a man in his shirt-sleeves adjusting his neck-tie before the looking-glass. He also vanished when spoken to.

HOAXED A VILLAGE.

Oligerman and People Wait for a Fleet Which Never Arrives.

The most extraordinary hoax has just been played upon the people of Rhoeose, a village near Barry, in South Wales.

A man giving the name of Captain McCarthy, and wearing a naval uniform, called at the Temperance Hotel there and told the landlady that he had come to order rooms for a number of officers of a fleet of naval destroyers.

The fleet, he said, would drop anchor in the Barry roads, and would remain in the Channel for a week.

He inquired for the address of a local clergyman with the object of getting him to conduct a service on board the flagship. He took tea with the clergyman, who afterwards announced in church that a fleet of warships was to arrive.

Rooms were prepared for these officers, and the villagers anxiously watched for the fleet, but it never came, and the police are now looking for Captain McCarthy, who has disappeared.

SOLDIERS STRICKEN.

Seventy Men Suffering From Mysterious Poisoning.

Twenty-nine soldiers, stationed at Holywood Barracks, Co. Down, have been removed to hospital suffering from poisoning caused by the drinking of an effervescent compound, which they had been accustomed to purchase in the neighbourhood of the barracks.

Twenty-six of the men belong to the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and three to the West Yorks Regiment. They were in a state of collapse when admitted to hospital, but were reported in the afternoon to be progressing favourably.

The doctors state that the drink contained poisonous ingredients.

In all seventy men were ill, but the twenty-nine cases mentioned are the most serious.

ROADSIDE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The circumstances under which a labourer, named Charles Francis Griffin, was found in Sheen-road, Richmond, the main road from London, at first caused suspicion that he had been the victim of foul play.

But at the inquest, to be held to-day, it is believed that it will be shown that Griffin had an attack of hemorrhage of the brain, his injuries being caused by falling against the iron seat close to the spot where he was found.

BURNT BY ELECTRICITY.

While engineers were working at a printing office in Bouvierie-street, E.C., yesterday, one man was seriously injured by receiving a heavy electric shock. He was severely burnt about the arms, and was removed in an unconscious state to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Damages Claimed for Alleged Impurities.

Anything that concerns the milk supply of London is of vital moment to everyone among the millions who inhabit the metropolis.

In view of this, the hearing of the case of Frost v. the Aylesbury Dairy Company, before Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury, is being followed with peculiar attention.

It is asserted by the plaintiff in this case that milk supplied by defendants in July last year caused cases of typhoid in Ealing, and Mr. Frost, whose wife died of typhoid fever, is seeking to recover damages from defendant for alleged breach of warranty.

In the court yesterday Mr. Isaac Hathersley, managing director of the Aylesbury Dairy Company, said that in June and July, 1903, the milk at their Ealing branch came from Kevill's farm in Berkshire.

In 1897 he and Dr. Streeten made arrangements with the farmer that the water for cleaning the milk vessels and for cooling the milk should be brought from a spring three miles away, owing to the water in the district being bad.

The farm was visited, continued the witness, once a month by Dr. Streeten and the veterinary surgeon. The spring water was analysed twice every year. On July 25 notice was received of a case of typhoid on the farm, and the Kevill's farm supply was stopped at once. Since then nothing but sterilised milk had been sent out from the Ealing depot.

The further hearing was adjourned until to-day.

STARVING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Reduced to Eating Raw Turnips and Crusts for Dinner.

Pitiful stories of starving school children were told at the public meeting of the East Lambeth Teachers' Association.

Sir John Gorst, M.P., told of two boys, ten and eleven years old, who were absolutely crippled with rickets through insufficient feeding.

He said it would have been far better if they had been fed by the State at small expense when young, instead of having to be kept for the rest of their lives at enormous cost because of their inability to earn their own living.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., himself an old headmaster, told of two brothers who made their midday meal off a raw turnip.

ITEMS OF LATE NEWS.

Baron Heath, of Hillside, Worth, Sussex, died yesterday.

Sentences of five years' penal servitude were passed on three men at Suffolk Assizes yesterday for arson.

By the death of Lady Gardiner the King has had Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park, placed at his disposal.

Mrs. Brooks, who died in her hundredth year yesterday at Lower Clapton, had never visited the City or been south of the Thames.

In a Rugby football match at St. Cloud yesterday the English (Old Leysians) team beat the Slade Francais team by 21 points to 5.

Filey District Council last night granted permission to the Yorkshire Automobile Club to run speed trials on Filey sands early next year.

Twelve hundred miners, employed at the Ynysybwl Colliery, Pontypridd, ceased work yesterday as a protest against the employment of non-unionists.

To provide work for the unemployed, Tottenham District Council last night decided to commence to-day the construction of an open-air swimming bath on the Marshes, to cost £3,000.

Captain Owen, late commander of the Koh-i-Noor and La Marguerite, was yesterday appointed by the L.C.C. manager of the Thames Steamboat Service at a salary of £500 per annum.

At the close of an inquest at Elstead, Surrey, yesterday, on a woman named Rosetta Cox, whom the jury found had died from alcoholic poisoning, accelerated by gross neglect, her husband was arrested.

Although Messrs. J. D. Nowell's tender (£68,377) for the outfall sewer at Plumstead was the lowest, the L.C.C. yesterday accepted the tender of the Westminster Construction Company to execute the work for £81,285.

Tapping a wall, on which a picture of the Evil One was painted, with a hammer yesterday at Perpignan, two workmen found it was hollow. On further inspection the men discovered a safe containing a pile of banknotes.

According to a Local Government Board return, supplied to the Strand Guardians yesterday, the expenditure of the thirty-two Metropolitan Poor Law Boards for the half-year ended Michaelmas last year was £294,912, of which £211,079 was for officers' salaries.

HOFFMAN'S STORY.

Callous Recital of the Cellar Murder.

REVENGE FOR THEFT.

On his own confession William Hoffman, who gave himself up to the Dover police on Sunday, was charged at Stratford Police Court yesterday with the wilful murder of his young housekeeper, Helen Wilden, in a cellar at Park Grove-road, Leytonstone, a week ago.

The unusual spectacle was seen of the magistrate's clerk standing close to the prisoner in the dock while he read over the charge. Hoffman is so deaf that he is unable to hear anything spoken at a few yards' distance.

After making the confession at Dover to the effect that he had killed the girl because she had stolen money and given it to her soldier sweetheart, Hoffman voluntarily made a further statement to Detective-Inspector Wallace while travelling by train to London.

The second confession was as follows:—

"I went down into the cellar, and asked her, 'What about that money?' She said, 'I can't get it as I have given the soldier £10, and Madge Harrington £2, and they won't give it me back.' I said, 'If that is so I shall have to do something.' Walden said, 'If you want anything out of that you will have to take my life.' She then laid on her back, and held her arms up, and said, 'Come on, cut my throat.' I then cut it with a white-handled knife.

Questioned by the chairman of the Bench, Hoffman said he had not been able to hear a word of the inspector's evidence, so the clerk again went to the prisoner's side and read over Wallace's statement.

The prisoner was then remanded.

DETECTIVES IN DIVORCE.

Maud Goodman 'States That Osborn Frightened Her.

During the sixth day's hearing of the Slater case at the Old Bailey yesterday, Mr. Winston Churchill for some time occupied a seat beside Mr. Justice Darling.

Maud Goodman was the principal witness, and once again she recounted the story of how she went with Bray, one of the defendants, to the Hove, Plymouth, in August, 1902, when he pointed out a man to her as Pollard.

The witness was questioned with regard to the solicitor Osborn's visit to Plymouth to persuade her to come to London to give evidence. "I told Osborn," she stated, "that I did not want to go to London. He frightened me into going."

The Judge: Did you tell Osborn why you did not want to go?—He already knew that I wasn't sure whether I knew the gentleman.

The Judge asked why she obtained £4 from Osborn for expenses after the trial and Ford only £3.

"I asked for another sovereign, and got it," was Maud Goodman's reply.

She had been told by Mr. Justice Barnes of the divorce trial that she need not give evidence unless she liked, but she chose to do so.

Mr. Gill: There was nothing about Mr. Justice Barnes to alarm you. He was very kind; he did not frighten you?

Witness: I don't know about being kind. I was only going to tell the truth.

The case was again adjourned.

TO SHIVER NO MORE.

Owing to the more amenable attitude adopted yesterday by the landlords of the Holborn Exchange of the National Telephone Company the lady operators employed by the latter will no longer be shivering at their work.

The landlords were said to have refused to supply heat to the company's portion of the building, but in the Law Courts yesterday counsel for the landlords said they were not unwilling to adopt arbitration, and in the meantime the heat would be turned on to the Telephone Company's floors.

Immense Reduction.

V. SAMUEL & CO.'S

CELEBRATED LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

GUINEA KEYLESS WATCHES.

REAL SILVER.

REDUCED TO 10/6

THREE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

SPLENDID TIMEKEEPERS.

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN SOLD.

26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. (nr. Bank).

SENT POST FREE.

CURIOSITY KILLS LOVE.

Sudden Impulse Leads to a Divorce Suit.

The married woes of an East End couple—Kohn Bloemfield and Sarah Bloemfield—were yesterday described in the Divorce Court in a mixture of Yiddish and English by the sufferers.

Mr. Bloemfield's story was that one day in 1901 he was lying ill in a room over the grocer's shop which he used to keep in Brick-lane, Spital-fields. Suddenly the desire seized him to see what was going on downstairs in the shop, where he had left a young man, named Isaac Abrahams, in charge. Downstairs he accordingly went.

Behind the shop was a little room, and here, to his disgust, he found his wife being embraced by the assistant.

When the youth saw his master looking on he dashed through the shop into the street, and did not return.

Mrs. Bloemfield, however, argued the matter with her husband, and in the course of the argument smashed the window of the shop. Then the police came—and arrested Mr. Bloemfield.

After the latter had been fined 2s. for his misfortunes, he separated from his wife, leaving her in possession of the shop, and took service as an assistant in another grocer's shop a little way up the street.

Here, to crown his misfortunes, Isaac Abrahams was also engaged as an assistant.

Mrs. Bloemfield, with the help of an interpreter, denied the greater part of this story. Abrahams was a nephew of her husband, she said, and the young man's real name was Bloemfield.

The President said he thought the husband's story the more credible, and granted a decree nisi.

LOST £400 A WEEK.

Mr. Herbert Waring Tells How "A Man of His Word" Failed.

The public examination of H. W. Rutty, professionally known as Herbert Waring, of Old Bond-street, actor, was held at the Bankruptcy Court, yesterday.

Mr. Waring said he had been an actor for twenty-seven years. In June, 1901, he, with partners, formed a Play, Limited, with a capital of £5,000, for the purpose of producing a play called "A Man of His Word." He entered into an agreement with Mrs. Lillie de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) to rent the Imperial Theatre, and the play was produced in August, 1901, but proved a failure, and was withdrawn after a run of five weeks.

The cost of producing the play was about £2,000, and it ran at a loss of £400 or £500 a week.

The examination was closed, the statement of affairs showing liabilities of £3,731, of which £2,725 are unsecured, and net assets £23.

COURTING RISK.

Omnibus Company's Responsibility for Runaway Horses.

As defendants in the King's Bench Division yesterday, in an action for damages brought by an omnibus driver, named John Shrubsole, who, while visiting his son at Mortlake, was knocked down by a team of runaway horses, the London General Omnibus Company admitted that the horses were frightened by a passing train. Under such circumstances they pleaded that the accident was unavoidable.

However, the jury found that, though the company had not been guilty of culpable negligence, they took the risk of sending the horses near the railway, and they awarded Shrubsole £250 damages.

MANIA FOR FALSE ALARMS.

For wilfully breaking the glass of a fire-alarm post in Keppell-street, Drury-lane, with the result that two steamers and two horses escaped arrival on the scene, Alfred Gordon, a carpenter, was fined at Bow-street yesterday £20, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment.

He was stated to have a mania for giving false alarms, and had been previously convicted four times.

BAD DEBTS AND A MAHARAJA.

The deficiency at yesterday's Bankruptcy Court inquiry into the affairs of Messrs. William Watson and Paul Pfeiderer, bankers and East India agents, Waterloo-place, was accounted for to the extent of £210,396 bad debts, £413,105 losses on investments, and £32,264 losses in connection with the Maharajah of Patana lawsuit. The statement of affairs covered 700 pages.

In Westminster County Court, yesterday, Judge Woodfall made an order for committal for seven days' imprisonment, in default of payment, against a debtor named Nightingall, who was described as a well-known steeplechase jockey.

SEASIDE NERVES.

Eloping Husband's Flight from Margate to Australia.

A week at Margate usually has a beneficial effect on people who indulge in such things, but the seven days that Mr. Charles William Mitchell, respondent in a divorce case yesterday, spent in the Isle of Thanet produced very unhappy results.

Mr. Mitchell was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Grace Mitchell in 1892, and took her to live at Acacia-grove, West Dulwich. Here they got on very happily together until a certain Mrs. Minnie Sophia Puppo came as a disturbing element into their lives.

Mrs. Puppo was sister to Mr. Mitchell's stepfather, so Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell called at her house, and received calls from her. They made her acquaintance in 1898, and in that year Mrs. Mitchell first noticed a change and peculiarity in her husband's manner.

In 1899 the Mitchells went to Margate for a few days. Mr. Mitchell had complained of not being well. On the day after they got back to Dulwich he left the house in Acacia-grove, just as if he was going out on his usual business.

He never came back. His wife never saw him again.

In October, 1899, the steamship Ophir arrived at Melbourne, bringing Mrs. Puppo and her three children as passengers. They were all booked in the name of Mitchell.

A few days later Mr. Mitchell arrived in the steamship Melbourne, and immediately went to the hotel in which Mrs. Puppo had taken up her quarters.

From here the whole family, known as "Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and their children," went to other hotels, and finally settled down up-country.

Mrs. Mitchell was granted a decree nisi yesterday.

WIFE'S COUNTRY RETREAT.

Sad Ending to Eleven Years of Married Happiness.

Mr. Henry Charles George Hollinghurst, of Palmers-road, Wandsworth, yesterday obtained a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Selina Hollinghurst.

The marriage was a happy one, said Mr. Barnard, for eleven years, and then, in 1897, Mrs. Hollinghurst gave way to drink. Her daughters consequently had to be sent to a boarding-school.

A separation took place, and Mrs. Hollinghurst went to live in a cottage at Felton. Here she took in a lodger named Trowse, who became a companion to her in her drinking habits.

Mr. Hollinghurst had to engage a housekeeper, continued counsel, and Mrs. Hollinghurst had made allegations against this lady.

Mr. Hollinghurst and the housekeeper having denied the allegations against them, a decree nisi was pronounced.

MENDICANT'S LIFE OF LUXURY.

"Paralysed" Beggar Makes Over His Valuables to His Wife.

"The amazing beggar," Cecil Brown Smith, who, though charged with soliciting alms in the City, has maintained a substantial villa residence at Upper Norwood, was again before the Alderman at the Guildhall yesterday.

Smith was wearing a well-cut blue serge suit, and in his questions to several witnesses conveyed the impression that he is a man of more than average education and intelligence.

After an inspector had asked for time to make further investigations into the case, the alderman ordered another remand.

Smith asked for an order to be made for his money and valuables to be handed over to his wife, and this request was granted.

MODERN BUSINESS CURSE.

An agent of the Angel Picture and Clock Co., of Mile End-road, who was charged at the Thames Police Court yesterday with embezzlement, was said to have received a salary of half-a-crown a week and commission.

Mr. Mead, finding the evidence insufficient, discharged the prisoner, and remarked, with reference to the business in question, that selling things on weekly payments was a modern curse.

PROFITING BY MISFORTUNE.

Judge Lumley Smith, K.C., said yesterday, in the City of London Court, he very often found on judgment summonses that people who were going to be dismissed from their employment used the excuse to get the summons dismissed, and then stayed on in their employment.

WORKING FOR MONEY-LENDERS.

In the Westminster County Court, yesterday, a Civil servant with an income of £500 a year appeared to answer a judgment summons, and he was paying nearly £400 a year on liabilities to money-lenders, etc., into whose hands he had fallen.

LOVER'S TREACHERY.

Wife's Story of a Dinner and a Wire.

"ALL EALING IS LAUGHING AT YOU."

The undefended divorce petition of Dr. Herbert Knevitt, of Ealing, which, as reported in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, resulted in a decree nisi being granted, has had an extremely painful sequel.

At Westminster Police Court yesterday Mrs. Alice Knevitt, the respondent, charged the co-respondent, Thomas Rothwell, an employment agent of Regent-street, with violently assaulting her.

Mrs. Knevitt, a tall, graceful, young woman, whose eyes were both discoloured, gave a sensational explanation of the assault. She went with Rothwell to the Law Courts on Monday, and on their way home to their lodgings in Catharine-street, Piccadilly, Rothwell, according to her story, became very insulting.

Anonymous Telegrams.

The quarrel, she continued, was renewed by a reference to the telegram to her husband put in evidence in the Divorce Court.

She now knew that Rothwell betrayed her to her husband with the supposed anonymous telegram: "You fool. All Ealing is laughing at you . . . She is now with him at Brighton."

The Clerk: You suggest that the prisoner planned it so that you were detected?

"Yes," Mrs. Knevitt attempted to throw jewellery to dinner at the Cafe Royal and then persuaded me to accompany him to Brighton to see his mother. After driving me about for miles and miles in a cab I was induced to stay in the hotel. I did not think my husband would hear of it, but he came in a motor-car with his solicitor, after the prisoner sent the telegram.

Throwing Away Jewellery.

"When I referred to this last night," she added, "he struck me in the face. He also tried to strangle me."

In defence Rothwell alleged that Mrs. Knevitt was intoxicated, and attempted to throw jewellery worth between £300 and £400, which he had lent her, out of the window.

The prosecutor gave a denial to these suggestions.

Mr. Horace Smith fined Rothwell £15, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment. The fine was paid.

MURDER IN A SHOP.

Coroner's Jury Disagree Concerning Miss Farmer's Alleged Assaults.

The inquest into the circumstances of the death of Miss Emily Farmer, who was found murdered in her shop in Commercial-road, was concluded at Stepney yesterday.

In announcing the verdict, the foreman said: "Twelve of the fourteen jurymen have found the deceased came to her death at the hands of the two prisoners—Donovan and Wade. I myself disagree with the verdict."

This verdict is tantamount to one of Wilful Murder against the two prisoners, the finding of twelve jurymen being conclusive.

Speaking of the arrest of Wade, Inspector Dival said the prisoner, on being told the charge, turned very pale and trembled, and said something to Detective-Sergeant Wensley. Later the same morning Donovan was arrested.

When the witness Rae, who had been kept out of sight, was brought forward at the police station, the inspector said to him, "If you see a man or men whom you have come to identify walk up to them and touch them." Rae immediately walked up to the prisoners and touched them, showing not the slightest hesitation.

DETAINING A WEDDING RING.

A case was partly heard at West London Police Court yesterday, in which a divorced wife summoned a man who had befriended her at the time of her husband's petition for illegally detaining a wedding ring and other articles.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

CITY OF QUIET.

Earl Dudley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, left Charing Cross yesterday for the Continent.

Lord Spencer has arrived in London from Althorpe, and goes to Bournemouth to-day.

Two horses and three cows were burned to death in a fire at Garra Farm, near Clitheroe.

An unknown man about forty-five has been found dead on the Great Central Railway, near Leicester. It is surmised he may have fallen from a train.

PATRIARCHAL FAMILY.

Mr. W. Golby, whose death at the age of eighty-seven years is announced at Pakfield, Suffolk, had 133 descendants, of whom 114 survive—namely, 8 children, 46 grandchildren, and 62 great-grandchildren.

HEIFER'S MATTRESS HEADGEAR.

Customers at Messrs. Plaisted's furniture shop in Castle-road, Cardiff, had a narrow escape for their lives when a heifer dashed among them and tossed beds and furniture in all directions.

Finally it was forced out into the street with a wire mattress entangled on its horns.

FAMOUS WRECK SURVIVOR.

When the Royal Charter was wrecked in Moeltra Bay, Anglesey, forty-five years ago, only thirty-six of the 450 persons on board were saved.

At least one of these still survives. His name is Hughes, and he is a signman on the Great Eastern Railway at Kelvedon, Essex.

ZONE FARES ON THE "DISTRICT."

Although the District Railway have notified season ticket-holders that their tickets will not be renewed after the last day of the present year, the electric train service will not commence with the New Year.

It will be many months before the line is fully electrified, but the zone system of fares will be introduced next year.

WIRE WHIP-LASH.

For what was described by a veterinary surgeon as the worst case of cruelty he had known within thirty years' experience, William and Henry Fryer, of Walsham, have been at Bury fined the maximum sum of 45s. with costs.

They had beaten a mare with a whip, at the end of which was a piece of wire, and inflicted fifty punctured wounds, from each of which blood flowed.

SHRIEVAL SOUVENIR.

The Queen has approved of the miniature of herself, which was submitted to her Majesty last Wednesday by Sir Alfred Reynolds, J.P., who completed his City Shrievalty at Michaelmas.

Sir Alfred will present the miniature to the Corporation as a souvenir of his year of office, and it is understood the presentation will take place at to-morrow's meeting of the Common Council.

TO FIGHT FOGS.

Following on Sir Oliver Lodge's experiments in dispelling fog by electricity, it is urged that they should have some practical outcome.

Railway companies are the greatest financial sufferers by fog, which necessitates a large outlay for fog signalmen. They, better than any other body, could afford the expense of installing electrical appliances and would reap the most benefit, if they could clear the fog from the congested lines outside their London stations.

SEA-GULL SANCTUARY.

It is a moot point among naturalists whether or not sea gulls diminish the fish supply by devouring the fry of the herring.

Sentimental appreciation of their pretty appearance on the sea-shore has moved the East Riding of Yorkshire County Council to appeal to the Home Secretary for their protection.

It is proposed to make Bridlington Bay a sanctuary for all sea birds where they may nest and breed unmolested.

PRESERVATIVES IN MILK.

At the Cheshire Chamber of Agriculture the subject of preservatives in milk has aroused keen discussion.

That there is no law prohibiting the addition of the antiseptics formalin and boracic acid was considered a matter for regret.

The Chamber unanimously adopted a resolution to urge the Government to pass an Act prohibiting their use. Mr. Sadler, who moved the resolution, said "the finest preservative for milk and cream is cleanliness."

PRIMATE AT ALL HALLOWS, BARKING.

The Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an address at the dedication festival to celebrate the restoration of the church of All Hallows, Barking, held yesterday afternoon. The congregation included the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. Sheriff Woodman, and members of the City Corporation.

The Church of All Hallows, Barking, which is situated near Tower Hill, is one of the oldest ecclesiastical buildings in London, and can lay claim to a longer continuous history than any other church in the metropolis, with the exception of St. John's Chapel, in the Tower, and St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the Gospel singer, whose sight has been failing for some time, is now quite blind.

Mr. John O'Donnell, M.P. for South Mayo, was married at the parish church, Claremorris, to Miss Mary Brett.

Tuesday, November 22, is fixed for the annual dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, at the Hotel Cecil.

Bound over for assaulting a man at a christening-party at Liverpool, Francisco Pablo said he only hit him over the head with a guitar.

YOUTHFUL AT FIFTY.

One of the objects of a woman's life is said to be to look younger than she really is. An instance of remarkable success in this direction was found in the Salford Police Court.

When the woman stepped into the dock, dressed in a sleeveless black jersey over a shirt-shaped blouse with a stand-up collar, the stipendiary asked, "Are you a boy or a girl?"

"A girl, I suppose," was the reply. Further questioned as to her age, she admitted to fifty years, and stated she was a widow.

"Why," remarked the astonished magistrate, "you look like a lad of eighteen."

WORKMEN'S TRAINS AND TRAMS.

The London County Council issue a pocket-book showing the number and times of running of workmen's trains on all the metropolitan railways, and of workmen's cars on the London tramways.

In addition to the usual information about the dwellings for workmen provided by the London County Council, this issue of the pocket-book contains a list of the evening classes of all kinds in technical institutes, in science and art, and commercial centres, in ordinary schools, and in schools for the deaf, in London, with information as to the subjects taught at each.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

At yesterday's weekly meeting of the L.C.C. the report of the Education Committee contained a recommendation for the appointment of women supplementary teachers at a salary of 5s. 8d. per working day.

Mr. Thomas said these young women must be eighteen years of age and be vaccinated. They need pass no examination.

Apparently it had been thought that vaccination would inoculate them with all the virtues and knowledge necessary for a teacher, but he hoped that that state of affairs would not be allowed to continue.

JOLLY WORKHOUSE PEOPLE.

Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner, at an inquest at Shoreditch yesterday on a workhouse inmate said: "I often hear an inmate say of another, 'He was happy, comfortable, and jolly,' and yet other men fret so at having to go in. It is more the name of the place than anything."

"It is certainly much more comfortable than many of the poor, wretched homes in this parish. The inmates are kept clean and well fed, at any rate."

SEPARATED AT SEVENTEEN.

For a wife of seventeen to seek a separation order from a husband of nineteen is a painful commentary on the evils of early marriage.

William Everett, the husband, although only married four months, told the Leeds Stipendiary he never intended to live with his wife again, and he was ordered to pay his wife 5s. a week under a separation order.

UNFULFILLED PROMISES.

Established with the object of supplying working men with the means of mental improvement, social intercourse, mutual helpfulness and recreation, a club at Burnley spent in twelve months 27 8s. 7d. on literature, and 433s. 8d. on intoxicants.

It has been struck off the register.

Canon David S. Mathew died at Lincoln yesterday.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opens a sale of work at Bromley (Kent) to-day.

Two boys have been fined 20s. and costs at Hleanor for tying fireworks to a horse's tail.

Eighteen years in prison out of twenty-two years of crime is the record of a Birmingham ruffian sentenced to eight years for housebreaking.

CURIOUS POTATO.

Mr. C. Down, of 22, Lower Denmark-road, South Ashford, sends us a most curious potato, which has grown through the neck of a broken gingerbeer bottle.

It is to be exhibited next week at the Willesborough Flower Show.

THIEVES AT A BAZAAR.

Innocent and inexperienced lady stall-holders at a bazaar, held in connection with Holy Trinity Church, Southport, have been severely victimised by the criminal fraternity.

Many gilded coins were passed off on them as sovereigns, and a lady dressed in Japanese costume had her purse stolen.

HORSE IN A DOCK.

Whilst a horse, owned by Mr. Wright, a carter of Hythe, was drawing a heavy roller along the Hythe Quay, at Colchester, it walked over the side, dragging the roller with it.

The roller fell on the deck of the barge Renown, but the horse fell into the water.

After some difficulty it was extricated from its harness and towed up stream to a shelving bank, where it was dragged ashore. It seemed little the worse for its remarkable experience.

NURSING TWENTY-ONE.

In South Lincolnshire just now, where the lifting of the potato crop is in full swing, there is quite an exodus of labourers' wives to the potato fields.

The extent to which women go into the fields may be judged by the fact that in one village near Holbeach, an old lady who takes in babies and young children at so much per day, to "tend" while the mothers go into the potato fields, the other day had no fewer than twenty-one children in all to the midday meal, and five babies in arms to feed, attend to, and take out for an airing throughout the working day.

SALE OF BUTTER BILL.

Yesterday a meeting of the council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture was held at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, Mr. W. C. B. Beaumont, M.P., presiding.

Sir Edward Strachey, in moving that the council urge the Government to reintroduce the Sale of Butter Bill and the Dogs Bill at an early date next session, said nearly all farmers had sustained heavy losses through sheep worrying.

As to the Butter Bill, in the west of England some most disgraceful practices were being resorted to, such as introducing no less than 50 per cent. of water, and the butter trade in those parts was being absolutely ruined.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The National Chrysanthemum Society's Show at the Crystal Palace to-day, to-morrow, and Friday will not only be the largest exhibition of chrysanthemums held in the United Kingdom, but also the only one in which all the types of the Japanese and Chinese blooms are displayed.

The original of the small double-flowered pom-pom chrysanthemum, known in the early days as the "chrysanthemum," came from China in 1840, and has produced numerous types of beautiful forms. Sixteen years afterwards the first of the gigantic Japanese chrysanthemums were imported to this country, and the magnificent blooms obtained from these will be very largely represented at the show.

Efforts, for Silencing the London Street Cries.

NOISE AND "NERVES."

A quieter London without street cries, organ-grinders, and all the other unnecessary noises which go to make life in the great City so unendurable. That is an ideal which seems in the fair way of becoming a reality.

The "Betterment of London Association" have taken the matter up vigorously. For months past they have been getting medical opinions on the bad effect of the evil, and trying quietly to get expressions of public opinion. The time has now come for a further move, and yesterday they sent out for signature many thousand copies of a petition which will eventually go before the Home Secretary.

"It is true," said an official of the association, "that the police can act now if the complainant will prosecute—but this gives endless trouble, and people will not stand it. The police ought to have power to act of themselves."

"In nearly every town in Germany, as well as in Liverpool and other English towns, the police have this power, and exercise it effectively. Why not here?"

A well-known physician bore testimony to the mischievous effects of these noises on health, particularly in nervous diseases.

"The increase in such diseases," he said, "I attribute largely to the everlasting noise that goes on in our streets. Some noises are necessary—traffic and so on—but it is a curious fact that the unnecessary noises—street cries, etc.—are the very ones which are most irritating to the nervous system."

"I need not tell you how impossible it is for anyone suffering in this way to recover without quiet surroundings."

THEATRE FOR JEWS.

New Building for London's Hebrew Population.

So many theatres have lately been built in London that a new one on ordinary lines might easily escape notice. The newest of all, however, the Orient Theatre, as it will be called, is an extraordinary theatre.

It is exclusively for the "Children of the Ghetto," London's teeming thousands of Hebrews, and will be situated in the very centre of the Jewish district—in the Commercial-road, just at the back of the London Hospital.

Within a few miles of this centre are to be found Jews of every nationality. They are unable to understand English, and cannot speak to each other in their ordinary languages. But there is one tongue which every Jew understands and speaks. And that is "Yiddish," a strange mixture of German, Russian, Polish, and English.

Recognising how many of these people would go to a theatre if they could only understand the play, a company has been formed to build this Yiddish theatre, and to get actors to play pieces in the Yiddish tongue.

"To start with, we shall get our actors and actresses chiefly from America and Austria," said one of the directors yesterday. "They will all be Jews. We shall play, first of all, Yiddish translations of light comic opera, such as the many 'Gid' operas, the 'Orchid,' the 'Cingalee,' and other old favourites."

GOOD NEWS FOR ALDERMEN.

No Foundation for the Rumour that Turtle Were Getting Scarce.

A rumour, particularly disquieting at this time of the year when aldermen are counting the days till the Lord Mayor's banquet, has been circulated that the supply of turtle will be unequal to the demand.

This rumour has, fortunately, been disposed of by Mr. John Lusty, the well-known turtle dealer, of Lincolns, who asserts that in spite of the trouble with Nicaragua, the present supply of turtle is all the heart of aldermen could desire.

The cargo which is to furnish the Lord Mayor's banquet is now on the high seas, but, should they fail, there is a sufficient stock in London to take their place.

To show how little need be wasted of the carcass, a luncheon was served which included not only the soup, but the fins and turtle steak and a ragout, which was quite novel. Nor is that all, for the oil is now being made into an expensive but excellent soap.

STOCK EXCHANGE HOLIDAY.

Yesterday being All Saints' Day, the Stock Exchange was closed.

The Money Market was replenished with large distributions of dividend and interest payments.

Advances ruled at 2½ per cent. and weekly fixtures were arranged at the same rate.

"LET ME CONGRATULATE

You on the Beauty of your PORTRAIT MINIATURES. There is only one word for them—**SUPERB**," writes Mr. James Leach, of Wood View, Ardsley, Barnsley.

It is impossible for you to form any conception of the real beauty of a "Daily Mirror" Miniature until you have seen one. No photograph, however perfect, can give you such a realistic and lifelike impression of yourself as one of these fashionable little portraits in water colours. Only as an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror" are we able to offer you these high-class Miniatures mounted as

PENDANT, 2/11; BROOCH, 3/3.

(Postage 2d.)

How to send for the Miniatures.—When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant in the Coupon below, enclose photograph and postal order crossed Courts and Co., and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror" [Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.]

Name Address

Colour of Hair Colour of Eyes
Complexion Dress

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 24s.
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 17s. 6d.; for twelve months, 33s.; payable in advance.
Remittances should be crossed "Coutts and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1904.

OURSELVES.

A YEAR ago to-day everyone was reading the *Daily Mirror*. To-day everyone is reading it again. We should like to be able to say they are "still" reading it. But that would not be quite accurate. For some time it was not read by so many people as could be dignified by the term "everyone." In fact, there was a dark period when our daily circulation dropped nearly as low as that of most of the "heavies," the old-fashioned journals which still cling to the methods of fifty years ago.

Then the chorus of our critics swelled loud. "It is on its last legs," they said, and sat round to watch us expire. When, instead of giving up the ghost, the invalid sat up and began to kick, they were surprised. When the supposed corpse began to go hand over hand up the ladder of popularity they gasped. When, after a while, they saw how far up we had got they said, "There must be some reason for this," and forthwith they became regular readers of the *Mirror*, and gave it their whole-hearted support.

To all who stuck to us through thick and thin we tender thanks. We have, indeed, kindly feelings, and feelings of gratitude, towards all our readers, and we are glad to know by the letters we receive from day to day—letters of congratulation, of encouragement, of criticism—that our readers have the same feelings towards us. But, naturally, the faithful twenty or thirty thousand who, having begun with us at the beginning, persevered all through our dark days, must on our first birthday claim our warmest thoughts.

Looking back on the year past we might, perhaps, be permitted to plume ourselves on what has been done. Better far it is, however, to look forward than to look-back. We have done something, no doubt. We have produced the first daily newspaper in the world illustrated by photographs. We have in nine months turned a circulation of 20,000 into one of 289,000. Yet all this is as nothing to what we hope to do in the months and years to come.

Every day we seek—and we may say without exaggeration that at least every other day we find—methods by which the *Daily Mirror* may be still further improved. There is no department of the paper which stands still.

The new machines we hope to print on very soon will increase the clearness of our illustrations. We shall be able to produce results as good as any picture paper in the world. The new offices, into which we shall move shortly, will add to our efficiency in many ways. Constantly we are considering and introducing new features of every kind.

So on this first birthday of the *Mirror*, we are very far from sitting down and resting after our labours. We only pause a moment to glance back at the distance we have covered and cry "Thanks" to those who have wished us God-speed. Then with uncheckered vigour we set our faces forward again, "greet the Unseen with a cheer," and make our minds up that next birthday shall mark an advance altogether unexampled in the history of the world's Press.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Take from my mouth the wish of happier years.
—Shakespeare.

THE JOURNALISTIC WONDER OF THE AGE.



"Lor! Mrs. Camp. How the dear boy is growing!"

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SEÑOR ANTONIO MAURA, the Spanish Premier, is not likely to have been much perturbed by the free fights in the Spanish Parliament, and ink-bottles must seem very harmless missiles after rifle bullets. Twice this year he has only just escaped assassination. The first occasion was on April 12, when he was stabbed by a man called Artel, but only slightly injured. The second was a fortnight later, when a volley of rifle shots was fired at the railway carriage in which he was travelling.

His political rise has been a very rapid one. Born just over fifty years ago, he was not until 1897 that he took his seat as a Deputy for his native town of Palma. Three years ago he was made head of the Liberals, but his reactionary methods and favouritism to ecclesiastical interests have made his party accuse him of betraying their cause.

Lord Burnham, who presides at the festival dinner in aid of the Tottenham Hospital to-day, is, of course, the popular proprietor—long known as Sir Edward Lawson—of the "Daily Telegraph." Great as has been his success in connection with that journal, it is no greater than his success in the year of the first Jubilee, for on that occasion he performed a feat which a great soldier had declared to be impossible.

The so-called impossible feat was for any General to get 20,000 men out of Hyde Park, but Lord Burnham on that occasion took 30,000 children into the Park and out of it again. A huge volume, filled with newspaper articles and criticisms on the famous gathering is one of his most treasured possessions.

Another much-treasured possession is the famous dagger which Edmund Burke flung down on the floor of the House of Commons to testify his abhorrence of the principles of the French Revolution. It is a mere toy affair made of wood, which was sent from France to Birmingham as a pattern, but there is no doubt that it is the identical weapon with which Burke startled the House.

Lord Burnham is exceedingly keen on everything which pertains to the bath, and he has at Hall Barn, his country seat at Beaconsfield, a complete Turkish bath, which rivals in its luxuriance the most famed baths in Paris and London. The attendant masseur, a Frenchman, is a well-known character, and possesses an autograph-book, full of royal and celebrated names.

News from Italy says that Eleonora Duse is to play in a new tragedy by Gabrielle d'Annunzio, so apparently the differences between the actress and writer have been adjusted. It is always very difficult to get Duse to talk of her plans, so one never knows what to expect of her until the last moment. Unlike Sarah Bernhardt, to whom Duse says she owes so much, she is very difficult of access, and, while Sarah Bernhardt sees everyone who calls upon her at the theatre—friends, interviewers, and strangers alike—Duse is always closely shut up in her dressing-room.

When not at work Duse spends a very quiet and hidden life at Settignano, near Florence. It is a country place, and she spends almost all her time in her large garden, keeping very early hours and living the simplest of lives. Gabrielle d'Annunzio is also almost a recluse in his habits, living either in his Florentine villa or at Francavilla, his birth-place, on the shores of the blue Adriatic, far away from railway engines and Americans, his pet aversions.

Though he is forty now, he does not look his age by many years, though he has grown bald of late. A slender, well-built figure, a pale, oval face, large dreamy eyes, and an aggressive moustache with a skyward curl, after the fashion of the German Emperor's, and a very closely-cut beard are his outward characteristics. He was only sixteen when he showed his father a book of verse written in his spare time. This very exceptional parent at once paid for their publication, and the boy awoke one morning to find himself famous.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who was speaking at Newcastle yesterday, is probably the only M.P. who first saw the light of day in official Downing-street, as Mr. Gladstone was at that time serving the first of his six triumphant terms as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Politics, under the circumstances, were bound to become his chief aim, but they do not monopolise his whole time, for he is no mean sportsman and athlete.

Just a little below the middle height, he has the physical strength, though not the height, of his father. He has the same great breadth of shoulders, the same fine muscular development. His walk—slow, easy, firm—is that of an athlete. His main recreation is golf, and in his devotion to the game he built himself a house at Littlestone. He is also a great cyclist.

OUR FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Reminiscences of a Year Ago and Prospects for a Year Hence.

The magnificent rise of the *Daily Mirror* from its failure as a penny ladies' paper to its success as a halfpenny illustrated paper with the largest circulation of any illustrated paper in the United Kingdom, weekly or daily, is clearly shown by the following table:—

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| Circulation on Nov. 3, 1903 | 205,217 |
| Circulation on Jan. 2, 1904 | 28,814 |
| Circulation on April 2, 1904 | 146,244 |
| Circulation on Nov. 1, 1904 | 289,980 |

EXACTLY a year ago to-day the *Daily Mirror* was born. I remember as if it were yesterday that dreary Sunday morning, with the germs of fog and desolation hanging over Fleet-street, when a score or two of men and women kept an early tryst at the spick-and-span new offices in Carmelite-street.

The women were the important people, and I must admit they looked it. The pride of being pioneers in a new field of journalism—we were to be "a journal for gentlemen"—was fully visible in their pretty faces.

We men felt very small. We were merely unimportant technical persons—people to manage the humbler and more prosaic details. The soul of the paper was feminine. We were necessary, but prosaic, cranks and piston-rods in the great machine; the women were the steam that put us in motion.

WHAT DID WOMEN WANT?

It was a day of Titanic labour. As hour after hour wore on it was work, and more work, and still work.

If the gentlewoman of England had only known what efforts were made to please her she would have bought the *Mirror* to the end of her life out of sheer gratitude, without any reference to her personal preferences.

We knew what she was like at home; but her intimate thoughts were a puzzle. I mean to the men among us. Perhaps we made a mistake in thinking her too unlike ourselves.

It was the hope of everyone connected with the paper that nothing would happen of such importance as to delay publication for such a stupendous number of orders had been received for the first issue of the *Daily Mirror* that delay would have spelt disaster.

Fortunately, however, the only news which came in was that of the death of a very great lady, which necessitated a memoir being written and got through as quickly as possible.

THE FIRST COPY.

At last came the welcome sound; the mighty reels of paper at one end of the machines began to spin round in a mad waltz, while at the other end *Mirrors* tumbled out rhythmically by the dozen. The paper was born. How eagerly all of us scanned the first copy from the press; how we hoped, feared, criticised, and discussed; how we drank a bumper to its success at a strange gypsy feast in the editor's room at three in the morning, with the marks of the battle still evident in the haggard faces of the men and the rumpled hair of the women—these are recollections which will linger long in the memories of the staff.

Needless to repeat the story of how the great venture failed; how a circulation of 270,000 dwindled until, in the middle of January—only two and a half months after the birth of the paper—it barely reached 24,000 copies a day.

Equally unnecessary is it to recall how the fickle goddess of fortune relented when the *Daily Mirror* was altered to its present form—how it sprang at once, as an illustrated daily newspaper, to a circulation of 140,000 per day, and has progressed by leaps and bounds until yesterday it reached the handsome figure of 289,980 copies, and gives every indication of continuing to progress at the same phenomenal rate.

THE FUTURE.

Very soon the *Daily Mirror* will move to a new address at 12, Whitefriars-street, where everything that can be done has been done towards making a building and installing plant adapted to all requirements which experience has proved necessary.

To the three rotary machines on which the *Daily Mirror* is now printed, which have a combined capacity of 50,000 copies an hour, will be added two Goss "straight-line" presses, specially built. There are no other machines of their kind in Europe, and they are capable of producing 50,000 copies an hour, showing that every finest style of printing the half-tone engravings, which are made from pictures sent in by photographers from all over the world, direct to the *Daily Mirror*.

A thoroughly efficient and up-to-date engraving plant has been established in the building. The process blocks are made immediately on receipt of the photographs. The engravers' trays of prior Great Britain are enabled at their breakfast-tables to see their news as well as read it in the most succinct, clear, and convincing form.



INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES



MR. BALFOUR'S SMILE.



Mr. Balfour smiling in conversation with some friends after the great mass meeting at Southampton. It was Mr. Balfour's smile which gave the people the first indication that the crisis over the Baltic Fleet outrage had, for the present, ended.—(Castle.)

ROJESTVENSKY IN LONDON.



The excellent wax effigies of Admiral Rojestvensky, Commander of the Baltic Fleet (on the left), and General Kuro-patkin, which have just been installed at Madame Tussaud's.

FIERCE ATTACKS BY THE J



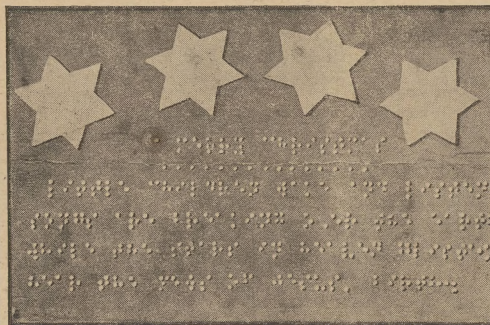
From dispatches to hand from the Far East it is evident that to-morrow, the Mikado's birthday. A furious attack has been in progress after some fierce hand-to-hand fighting, in

A MISLEADING SIGN.



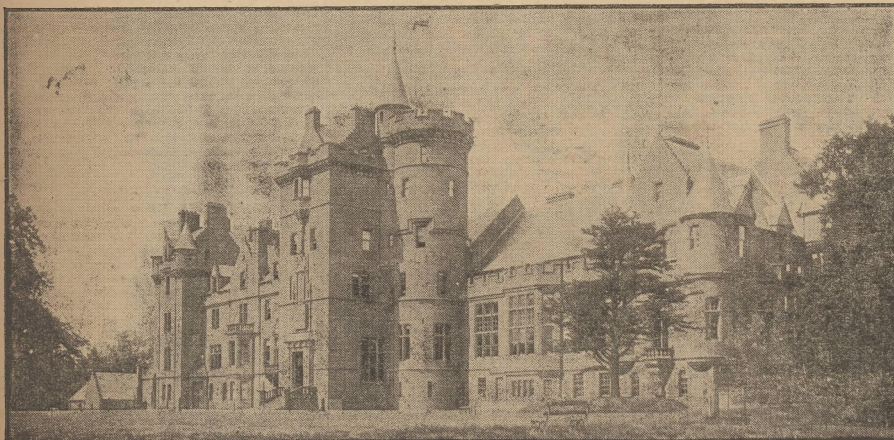
This small building is not the new Waldorf Hotel, as the hoarding might imply, but simply a public-house which still stands on the ground on which the palatial hotel is to be built.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR THE BLIND.



This is one of the cards in Braille, bearing a Christmas greeting, which have just been issued by the "Weekly Summary," a newspaper published in Braille type at Shere, Surrey.

BEAUFORT CASTLE, WHERE THE GUESTS OF MR. BRADLEY MARTIN'S WEDDING "WILL BE ENTERTAINED TO-DAY.



Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, where a big house party will be entertained to-day for the wedding of Mr. Bradley Martin and Miss Helen Phipps. The wedding should be a very picturesque function, as the guests will attend in full Highland costume.—(Whyte.)

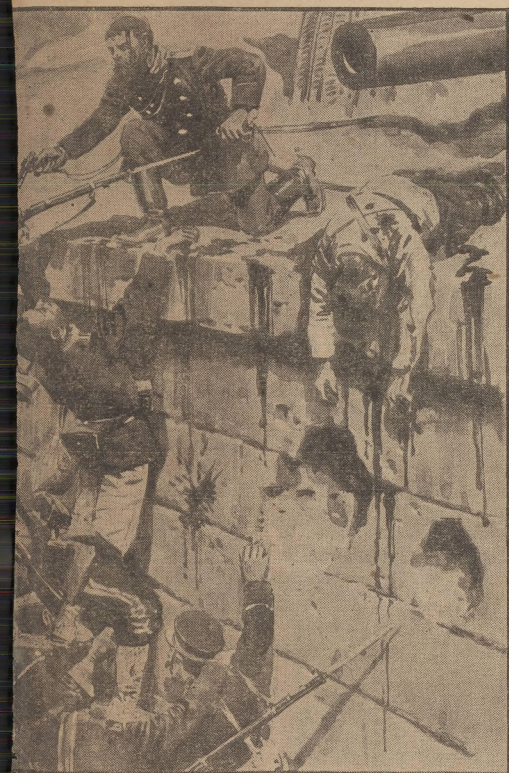
PAINTING A GIGANTIC BRIDGE.



This picture does not represent a huge cobweb with three enormous meshes, as might appear at first sight. It is merely a photograph of the Brooklyn Bridge, New York, showing three painters at work on the heights of the suspension bars.

THROUGH MIRROR LENSES

JAPANESE ON PORT ARTHUR.



Efforts are being made by the Japanese to reduce Port Arthur by mining the past few days, and the Japanese have succeeded, taking some important outlying positions.

"MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.

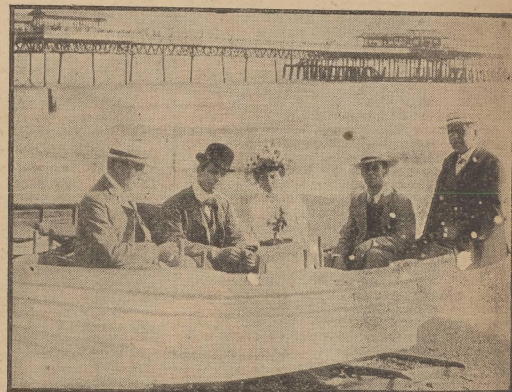


VIOLET VICTORIA DAVIS, of Cornwall House, Tulsee Hill, S.E.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE LATE MR. DAN LENO.

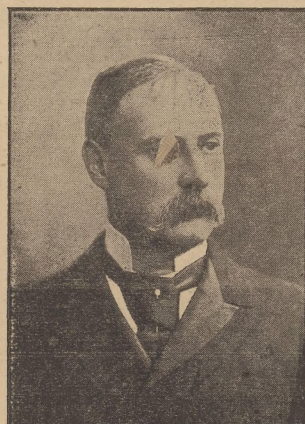


Mr. Leno enjoying a walk along the promenade at Bournemouth during a recent visit.



The late Mr. Leno, in a boat on the beach at Ventnor, with Mrs. Leno, the late Mr. Herbert Campbell (on the right), and some of his personal friends.

THE KING'S SYMPATHY.



Sir Frederick Treves, who has just visited the Hull fisherman, Hoggart, at the London Hospital, and told him how grieved his Majesty had been to hear of his injuries.—(Lafayette.)

GARDENING AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.



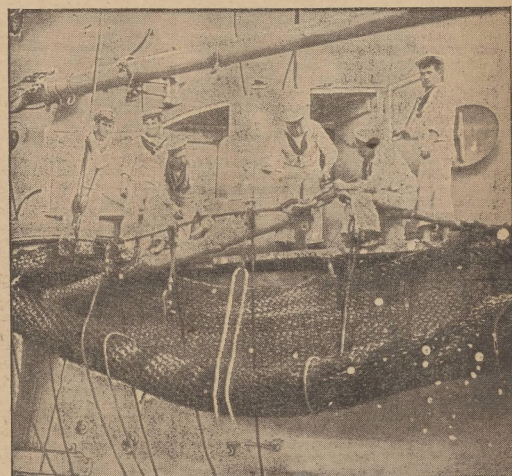
Two young lady gardeners at work at Farm House, Glynde, Sussex, where the Hon. Frances Wolseley, daughter of Lord Wolseley, has started a school of gardening.

MISS MAUD HOBSON.



The popular actress, who has sailed for America, where she is to be married.—(Ellis and Walery.)

PREPARING THE HOME FLEET FOR SEA.



A last look round on board a battleship of the Home Squadron prior to putting out to sea. Overhauling the torpedo nets.—(Cribb.)

YESTERDAY'S PLAY.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Allegory" of the Pig and the Motor-car.

Mr. Bernard Shaw was in a serious mood when he wrote "John Bull's Other Island," produced at the Court Theatre yesterday afternoon.

It is a satire upon the English treatment of Ireland. And yet Mr. Shaw has to admit that for practical purposes the Englishman is the better man.

The play opens in London, in the office of Broadbent, an engineer, who is about to make a visit to Ireland on business; Broadbent seems to be Mr. Bernard Shaw's ideal of the typical John Bull, but one would rather upon the whole describe him as being Mr. Podsnap, turned Little Englander. Mr. Louis Calvert plays him with a fine air of solid self-satisfaction.

He has a partner in his business, one Larry Doyle, an Irishman, who has remained away from his native land that he despairs of for some eighteen years. The first act is largely taken up with a discussion upon the prospects of Ireland between these two.

THE DREAMY CELT AND THE BRUTAL ENGLISH.

Larry, a preamy that fits Mr. J. L. Shine very well, discants upon the hopelessness of the competition of the Celt, with his dreams and his imagination, against the Englishman, with his facts and his brutality. Podsnap, upon the other hand, views the situation with breezy optimism. Irish affairs, he thinks, might very easily be put to rights by the exercise of a little sound practical common sense.

The Irish portion of the play opens picturesquely upon a hillside in Roscullen, with a curious dialogue between Peter Keegan (once a priest, now in popular estimation a madman) and a grasshopper. Keegan is the Irishman who despairs of his country, but nevertheless remains in it and does not, like Larry Doyle, find a home for himself elsewhere. There is a touch in him of St. Francis of Assisi; he speaks of the grasshopper and the pig alike as being his brothers. Mr. Cranville Barker brings out the points of Keegan's odd character very cleverly.

It is Broadbent who secures practical triumph all along the line. He gets himself accepted as the future member for Roscullen, he engages himself to Nora (Miss Ellen O'Malley), formerly Larry Doyle's fiancée, and as we take leave of him, he is designing to adorn Roscullen with a hotel, with golf links, with motor-omnibuses, and all the other blessings of enlightenment and civilization.

There are not so many detachable epigrams in this piece of Mr. Shaw's, though there are several amusing scenes, especially one in which a group of Irish peasants describe how an Englishman's motor ran over an Irishman's pig. There is evidently "symbolism" in this!

"COLERIDGE, L.C.J."

A Judge Who Was Not a Genius, but Had an Attractive Nature.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN DUFF LORD COLERIDGE, Lord Chief Justice of England Written and Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Two volumes. Heinemann, 3s. Published to-day.

There can be no greater contrast than that between the lives of Lord Coleridge and Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins), whose book we were reviewing on this page a week ago.

Hawkins was entirely a self-made man. His parents had no influence and little money; the position to which he has risen he owes entirely to his own ability and hard work.

Coleridge, on the contrary, we may pretty safely say, would never have reached his great position if it had not been for the advantages of birth, money, and influence which he enjoyed.

Disraeli called him a "silver-tongued mediocrity." His friends nicknamed him "Mediæval John," because his interests were more deeply rooted in a past than in his own day. He was a cultivated, highly-educated, pleasant gentleman, but he was not a genius, and all the efforts of his biographer to prove he was are of no avail.

At the same time, his character had many attractive sides, and, perhaps, after all, it is better to be endowed with a lovable nature than with genius. That he was loved by many of the most famous men of his time these volumes show plainly.

We cannot better illustrate his utter lack of conceit than by quoting his diary for the first days on which he sat as Judge:—

Nov. 20th. "All day in court. I shall never be able, without real work, to do my duty, but, please God, I will try to do it."

Nov. 21st. "I am careful and civil, and hope to get on."

Nov. 26th. "Keating and Bramwell help me through my duty very much. I do not think I did so badly as I expected."

There are not many stories in the book. This is about the best. Once, when a new Judge had just been appointed, his name was handed up on a slip of paper to the bench, where Sir William Grove and Lord Coleridge were sitting. "Well," exclaimed Grove, "I am d—d!" "Brother," whispered the Chief Justice, "I do not swear myself, but I shall be extremely grateful if you will say that again!"

THE WEEK'S NOVELS.

What to Ask For and What to Avoid at the Library.

JACK BARNABY.

By Henry James Rogers. Gay and Bird.

Suffers from a very unusual fault: it is too short. There is nothing strikingly new about the plot. There are just three characters—the man, the woman he wants to marry, and the other woman. The other woman is, of course, someone else's wife, and she wins the man back when she thinks the right moment has come, but surrenders her captive in the end.

The author makes the man and the other woman call spades spades quite frankly—except once when he finds it necessary to have a line of stars—but that by no means detracts from the book. The heroine is almost as human as the others.

PAM.

By the Baroness von Hutten. Heinemann, 6s.

Quite the bright spot of the last few weeks, Pam, daughter of the runaway daughter of an earl, goes back to live with her grandfather, but not until she has acquired some very unconventional ideas on matrimony. She grows up a delightful girl, frank and open, and with more character than falls to the lot of most women, especially the heroines of novels. She and the old earl are close friends, and find that their outlook on life is exactly similar. The love episode—or rather episodes, for there are several—is unhappily sad, but one has felt from the beginning that the authoress would be compelled to make that concession to the conventions which she has managed to disregard through the rest of the book.

OLD WENYON'S WILL.

By John Ackworth. Partridge, 3s. 6d.

Seems to have got a purpose lurking somewhere in the background, but it never quite makes itself clear. A cynical, old man, who has money to leave, bequeaths a public-house to a violently tee-total relative on condition that he resides on the premises. The legatee, not to be beaten, takes up the public-house, but runs it on teetotal principles. A drink-sodden wanderer from the stage, who does nothing but try and quote Shakespeare when drunk, is charitably entertained and cured of his besetting sin.

Up to that point the book seems to have a teetotal moral, but as the reformed inn is a financial failure, and the tea-and-coffee landlord dies of apoplexy, accelerated by violence, while the heroine, his daughter, falls in love with and marries the dipsomaniacal actor, the point of the moral is not very obvious.

A MORGANATIC WIFE.

By Louis Tracy. White and Co. 6s.

Jumps right away into the thick of Russian intrigue, anarchy, spies, and beautiful, scheming women. In fact, it is by no means a bad example of William le Queux and water.

A Russian Prince, who revels in the name of Boris Melnikoff, so reminiscent of the south-side theatre, wears a magnificent opal, two inches long, three-quarters of an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, tied to a chain round his neck. By page twenty there is an attempt to assassinate him by means of a bomb, but he merely loses his opal. On the next page but one it is found again, but not until the hero, an English Army man, has found mysterious secrets, marks upon it. After that the plot goes faster still. A heroine, who presumably to match the Prince, is called Erynnyrdne, and two or three members of the British aristocracy have a lively time with Cossacks, Russian prisons, miniature warfare, and bloodshed before it all works out in the end.

A DESPERATE CONSPIRACY.

By Guy Boothby. White and Co. 5s.

Thrilling adventures of a Government spy, which, strangely enough, take place quite near home. Instead of South America, Spain, or Turkey, Mr. Boothby chooses Ireland, and places his spy, who is incidentally the hero, to track out the preparations for a Fenian rising in Kerry. As usual in Mr. Boothby's books, the lovely woman—tall, and with a queenly walk—appears early and stays to the end. As might be expected, the spy-hero discovers "that she is the one and only woman in all the world for me."

The inevitable fight with his conscience comes when he discovers that she is involved in the conspiracy, but it is a short one, as Mr. Boothby does not believe in wasting any time between the adventures. Even the love-making is rapid, and, after the heroine has been proved an heiress, the spy-hero gives up his trade, presumably to live upon her fortune.

THIS MORNING WITH NATURE.

The golden plover is arriving on the western shores of England. The skylark and robin still continue to sing the joy to call in the depths of the woods, the owls to make the nights hideous with their hootings.

The caterpillar of the black rustic moth may be sought for on grasses, and in the evening the moth itself; whilst in the hollow bulrushes one may come across the larva of the bulrush moth.

The hedges are red with dog-rose berries, but the so-called hips and haws are scarce.

The bird's-eye plant, the harebell, and forget-me-not are flowering; the sycamore tree sheds its last leaves.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

A SIMPLE SOLUTION.

I see in to-day's *Daily Mirror* a suggestion that the Russian fleet sank one of their own torpedo-boats.

The locality is known, why not sweep for the wreck? If recovered, all doubts and difficulties would be at once removed. E. H. F. Sandown, I.W.

AN ADMIRAL'S REFRAIN.

I know a Bank wherein torpedogs grow, Where simple fishers, warlike signals show, Where danger lurks beneath the stormy waves, And Dogs the path of gallant Russian braves. E. F. D. 27, Tregunter-road, South Kensington.

LETHAL CHAMBERS FOR THE INSANE.

Who is there among us with a heart beyond the filthy lure who would consign an innocent brother man to a lethal chamber?

Would "Practical," if the case were that of his child, his brother, or his father, desire such a sordid "means to an end" to be carried out?

We surely will never so far forget our Creator as to take the innocent life which He, in His wisdom, gave, afflicted though it be. T. THOMSON, L.R.C.P., etc. Weston-park, Crouch End.

The only way to stamp out insanity is to educate the rising generation to a right mode of living, morally and scientifically. What we see around us are the fruits of sin.

To suggest that the insane should be deprived of life seems to be a devilish suggestion. S2, Station-road, Rugby. H. OSBORNE.

WIVES ONLY IN NAME.

I see the Rural Dean of Poplar has been talking about women and marriage.

He says they go to the altar on their wedding morning with a lie upon their lips, never intending to fulfil the duty of wife or motherhood, marrying only for a man to keep them, while they indulge in selfishness and pleasure.

Is a man to do who has married a woman of this kind and cannot get the family life he hoped for? Is not this as good a ground as any for divorce? MARRIED IN HASTE.

IS COURTESY DEAD?

Your correspondent "Arthur Hervey" takes a very wrong view, in my opinion, of the reason of the death of courtesy. The selfishness of men is alone responsible.

It is through men's selfishness that women have to work, and, according to "Arthur Hervey," they are not even to smoke, as a relaxation for over-taxed nerves. Women would like to be treated courteously, but they know too much of present-day men to expect it.

MOTHER OF WOMEN WHO WORK.

Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

HIS LAST JOKE.

Humorist Whose Ruling Passion Was Strong Even in Death.

There are many stories in the Wyndham book we noticed last week (it is published by Hutchinson) about other people besides the popular Sir Charles. "Artemus Ward," says Mr. Pemberton, "was visited on his deathbed by T. W. Robertson, the dramatist, who, when the time came round, urged the invalid to take his medicine."

"My dear Tom," gasped the invalid, "I can't drink that horrible stuff."

"Do," urged Robertson; "it will give you relief, my dear fellow. Do now, take it for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said the patient sufferer, feebly stretching out his cold hand to grasp his friend's for nearly the last time.

"Of course I would; you know I would," said Robertson.

"Then drink it yourself," said the dying man, with the glimmer of a smile on his worn features.

There is a characteristic anecdote, too, of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who was asked by Mr. Pemberton for information about a play he had produced in "Pagliacci," in which Signor Angelini will sing. Caruso sings for the last time in "Manon" to-morrow, and the house is already practically sold out.

CARUSO'S LAST NIGHTS.

At the end of this week Signor Caruso sails for America, and will only be heard on two more nights.

This evening a great treat is promised to opera-goers, for Caruso and Mme. Giachetti will sing in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which will be followed by "Pagliacci," in which Signor Angelini will sing. Caruso sings for the last time in "Manon" to-morrow, and the house is already practically sold out.

Sir Frederick Bridge has expressed surprise because he was not placed upon the Hymn Book Revision Committee. We should have thought that the prejudice of the Church against Bridge was well known—"Punch."

Publishers' Announcements.

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A NEW NOVEL by the Author of "Anna the Adventuress."

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The "Leeds Mercury" says—Mr. Oppenheim is one of the cleverest weavers of plots who writes the English language, and he has many examples of his skill, such as "A Prince of Darkness" and "The Betrayal." He has never succeeded so thoroughly as in "The Betrayal." The "Dundee Advertiser" says—Mr. Oppenheim's skill has never been displayed to better advantage than here. He has excelled himself, and to assert this is to declare the novel superior to nine out of ten of its contemporaries.

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Author of "The Whirlwind," "Prophecy," etc. The "Nottingham Guardian" says—"Very smartly written. . . . Not only interesting in theme, but artistically constructed." The "Scotsman" says—"Fascinating glimpses of the Real India are to be found in Mayne Lindsay's picturesque pages."

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THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

A dinner-party at Lady Gascoyne's. She is brilliant, young, and attractive. By her side sits Dick Deverill. Gertrude Gascoyne, her sister-in-law, is jealous; she suspects her of alienating Deverill's affections.

At the other end of the table is Sir Alanson Gascoyne, Judge of the High Court, much his wife's senior. His friend, a Mr. Tourillotte, just back from an exploring expedition, compliments him on his look of youth, but the Judge's face at times bears the impress of trouble.

Dinner over, Lady Gascoyne goes out to the terrace with Deverill. An hour later the news arrives that the theatre Lady Gascoyne said she was going to is on fire. In a frenzy the Judge flies out into the night.

Hugh and Gertrude are left alone, and after two hours of misery they are surprised to see Lady Gascoyne come in. She is not aware of the fire, and evidently has not been to the theatre at all. Her husband returns in a frenzy of horror at the rights he has witnessed, and hysterically clasps to his heart his beloved wife, whom he never expected to see again. She, quite unaware of the reason for this emotion, nevertheless understands that something has happened as an outcome of her desertion.

Getting her hand away from the others she cleverly finds but her any Gascoyne said she was going to is on fire. In a frenzy the Judge flies out into the night.

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"Have we—what from?" whispered Mrs. La Grange.

CHAPTER V.

The Whisper is Answered.

"Listen—stand by me," murmured Lady Gascoyne, as she looked appealingly at her friend and nodded her graceful head towards her husband. Then she moved away from Mrs. La Grange, and stood looking down at the carpet in an attitude of pathetic and picturesque thankfulness.

Judge Gascoyne, with animated gestures, in a voice charged with feeling, was telling Mr. Tourillotte and Sir Warren Corry the story of his wife's escape. The old botanist found it difficult to conceal his emotion as he listened, and when the narration was over he turned towards a word to Lady Gascoyne, and shook her warmly by the hand.

Then, though he had not been presented to her, he did the same with Mrs. La Grange. This dark-eyed lady with the wonderful head of prematurely grey hair, who had never been known to take anything quite seriously, displayed a levity which, under the circumstances, seemed severely upon the borderland of the ridiculous. Her sparkling eyes, which were set in her head with that slight slant which invariably indicates the laughter and the mocker, twinkled with ironical amusement. She bit her ripe, full under-lip, darted a rapid glance at the demure Lady Gascoyne, and made vigorous efforts to keep her heavily-moulded shoulders from shaking with suppressed laughter. She felt obliged to apologise for herself.

"You know what sailors do, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Tourillotte," the old gentleman cried; "but no, I do not think I do know." He could not understand this gay, little lady.

"I am sure you do," said Mrs. La Grange, in a high staccato voice; "when a sailor climbs up the mast—goes aloft, they call it, don't they?—and falls off the yard-arm, or whatever the name of it is, and is caught in a sail below, and saved by a duke from sudden death, well—"

"Well?" echoed the astonished Mr. Tourillotte. "He never swims, does he? Has he been in danger, he laughs—or pretends to; and forgets—or makes believe he does."

Mention of danger, reference to death, two subjects which Mrs. La Grange held at arm's length, brought sudden realisation that the comedy she was expected to play had a ghastly foundation. She shivered, and death of feeling which had a profound influence upon the recipient. Deverill stood, white of face, shifting his feet restlessly.

"When I heard of the fire," he said hoarsely, "I felt I must come here, late as it was. I realized that if you knew of it early in the evening—you must have had an awful hour—that you would of course suppose Lady Gascoyne to be there. I am deeply sorry."

"Don't talk about that now, Dick," said the Judge as he put his hand on the shoulder of the younger man.

Then, with renewed congratulations, he extended his hand to his hostess of the evening and bade her good-night. In the slight confusion incident to his departure and that of Mr. Tourillotte Deverill and Lady Gascoyne were left alone for an instant near the chimney-piece.

"Why did you come to-night?" she demanded almost fiercely.

"How could I help it?" he murmured. "When I heard of the fire, I imagined anything—everything. I saw you walking calmly into this room, and giving them a complete history of the play."

"I did, I did," she said with a shiver; "luckily, to Gertrude only. She—suspects."

"You see," he said, "suppose it had been—He. What would have been your position?"

"Oh, you are right, Dick. You came for my sake. But I thought you were mad, when I heard you were here. I wrote you a line. I don't know if Marie has posted it. I wished to see you, to tell you why did you come to-night. I wished to see you—for the last time."

He started, looked up, and saw the eyes of Gertrude Gascoyne looking on him from across the room with a cold suspicion. He forced a smile as he turned and tried to speak lightly.

"Your will is my law," he said hurriedly. "Be wary, dear Gertrude, I shall not stop coming here—that would be fatal."

"Go away," she implored; "shoot things in Africa, or somewhere—but go."

"After a little while, yes—if you ask it. I shall speak to Gertrude."

"Be careful," she cautioned him, as she turned to Mrs. La Grange.

Gertrude's abrupt, repellent monosyllables could not be ignored. An innocent man, knowing this girl from childhood, had the right to ask in what manner he had offended. Not to ask was to admit that he feared explanations. Deverill plunged boldly into the middle of things.

"One would think," said Deverill, with a shrug of the shoulders, "that you regret my escape. What have I done?"

"Your escape?" she repeated, with a meaning stress on the word.

"I thought it such," he replied. "How have I offended you? I have not meant to."

She could not deny that she was completely estranged from him; yet it was impossible to hint at the things that lay so heavy on her heart.

"I must go," she said icily, moving towards her sister-in-law. "I promised Lady Chetnole I should be early to-night."

He stepped in front of her.

"I know why you are angry," he said boldly, "and you're not acting reasonably about it at all. If Mrs. La Grange, Lady Gascoyne, and I, disappointed of an evening's amusement, took it into our heads to be flighty, and run off to a music-hall, is that an unforgivable crime?"

"Yes, know it is not," she answered coldly. "I have been once or twice myself."

"Very well, then. Assume that I know that your brother rather prefers that his wife should not go to the music-halls—and I suggest that there is no need of confessing to the little scrap at home here."

"Do you call that nothing?" interrupted Gertrude, frigidly. "Is it nothing to suggest that a wife shall—deceive her husband?"

"Do you really call it serious?" he said, scornfully; "your brother does not resent it, now that the trifling deception is exploded. Why should you be more censorious than he? The truth is, Gertrude, that it was all my fault."

"It's not a nice thing to be responsible for."

"I daresay," he answered drily, "that when you are married, Gertrude, you will never deceive your husband about anything. But everybody is not like you."

"You mean to be sarcastic," she said slowly, "and you know I hate it."

Her quiet manner, of accepting his sarcasm was almost an apology for her previous severity. He went on confidently now.

"It came about in this way—almost childishly," he said. "The fact is, the performance at the music-hall was really dull. Both ladies yawned. I felt the evening a failure. I chafed them about being there in their smart costumes. I drew an exaggerated picture of Sir Alanson's anger. You know yourself that he would only have smiled and shaken his finger, if he had owned up. Just for a joke, while wearisome things were being done on the stage, I built up a highly-finished yarn—just a silly yarn. I've seen 'La Veine' in Paris, and told them about it, act by act. I rehearsed them in the story they should tell, invented people whom they should see about them in the theatre; I ended by betting each of them a pair of gloves that they couldn't carry out the little fraud for a week. They both took me—and there you are. None of us cared if we were found out, when the difference could make? A tragedy came—the terrible fire. Our little farce was sung by it. Am I forgiven, Gertrude, for having tried to amuse two ladies whose evening was in a fair way of being spoilt?"

"Oh," she cried, "are you really telling—but—"

She affected anger, and asked her almost roughly what she meant to imply.

Her answer was to extend her hand.

"I daresay I have been hasty," she said in a low voice. "I am sorry."

Lady Gascoyne was astonished when her sister-in-law came over and kissed her, whispering in her ear the same moment a sincere expression of thankfulness at her escape. She had anticipated a bad quarter of an hour with Gertrude.

"He is amazing," she thought, as she returned Gertrude's embrace warmly. "What can he have said to her?"

"I shall never pay either of you ladies that pair of gloves," said Deverill gravely, as he shook hands with Mrs. La Grange and Lady Gascoyne. "Good night."

They did not know in the least what he meant by his reference to gloves; but that was a trifling mystery in a night so full of surprises.

"What is it all about, Rose?" asked Mrs. La Grange, when the two were alone.

"A farce," answered Lady Gascoyne, in a trembling voice, "that this fire has come near to turning into a tragedy."

"Oh, a farce only that?"

"Only that, Hermione. I was crazy to see this new conjuror at the Palace. I happened to mention it. Dick Deverill asked me to go."

Lady Gascoyne did not dare to look at her friend as she said this. She could feel the mocking smile, the look of incredulity, the sweep of the other's eyes over the lace on her rich dinner-gown.

"Alanson doesn't care about my going to them. You know, dear, I am just a little bit of a Bohemian. I own it. Sometimes I like to believe myself daring. I'm not really; I only pretend, as children do. Well, I went, and fancied myself a heroine of adventure. We devised a little plan. You were supposed to be in it."

"Thanks, awfully," murmured Mrs. La Grange. "I have heard that several times already in the last ten minutes."

"I know you have been a brick, Hermione—you have saved me. That music-hall—"

"I was at a dinner—so I heard on the doorstep," interrupted her sister, ostentatiously smoothing the wrinkles in the long glove that covered her graceful forearm.

"Oh, what do you mean?" said Lady Gascoyne in a suffocated voice.

"That was Deverill's recollection of the evening—forget, I suppose," was the significant answer.

Lady Gascoyne felt that she must have her revenge for having been so unceremoniously thrust into this mysterious affair. She had stood by her dear Rosamond "through thick and thin; and considered herself entitled to tease her a little bit.

"What did he say?—tell me—"

"He did the best he could in an emergency, my dear. You cannot blame him. I was at Lady Buxley's when we heard of the fire. We broke up immediately. We thought of our friends. I hurried to you. Luckily for you I met Deverill at your door. I called out your name—asked if by chance you had gone. What do you suppose he answered?"

Lady Gascoyne felt a crimson flush on her cheek, and turned her head to conceal such an unwanted and vexatious exhibition.

"We were supposed to have gone, she and I," he whispered, "with you. I was so taken aback I could only stammer his words over again. 'I don't know what has happened since,' he said; 'you are her friend, Mrs. La Grange; we were with you.' He was quite agitated. 'Where?' I asked. 'I don't know—oh—she and I—we went to the Savoy.'"

"Ah!" Lady Gascoyne drew in a deep breath. She was hopelessly convicted now.

"I don't know what she has said," he went on; "for God's sake, don't say anything till we get the tip from her. Remember you were with us, wherever we went. My dear, was ever a woman in such a position? I turned—I was going to bolt. Then the door opened, and Miss Gascoyne was in front of us. I suppose I walked in. I don't remember. I was in a daze until you came to the rescue."

"You have been awfully good, Hermione dear," said Lady Gascoyne after a pause. "It was just my luck to pitch on 'La Veine.' Oh, why did I ever go to that silly music-hall—"

"To the Savoy, you mean. Or perhaps you went to the hall, and he to the hotel. Was he—"

"Hermione, don't, please; I can't stand it."

"All right, my dear Rosamond, the music-hall. Now all I ask for having gone there with you, is a promise that you will not include me in your little escapades in the future. Really it is too confusing."

"There will be no more," said Lady Gascoyne. "Oh, yes, I have learned my lesson, Hermione."

She stopped as her husband entered the room.

"Rosamond, some nobler resolve should have aroused a spirit of profound thankfulness. He looked with a fond affection on his wife, however, and contented himself with a protesting shrug of his shoulders.

"Good-night, darling," murmured Lady Gascoyne.

"Good-night, dearest," and they kissed affectionately.

"Where did she really go?" That was what Mrs. La Grange was whispering to herself as she went down the stairs.

(To be continued.)

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REVIVAL OF THE POINTED SHOE—A SMART EVENING GOWN.

SMART FOOTGEAR.

BRONZE SHOES AGAIN IN FASHION.

Many girls have one particular hobby as regards their personal appearance, and when it takes the form of presenting daintily-shod feet and neatly-garbed hands to the observant outside world it is a most delightful one. Given these essential signs of a well-dressed woman, a girl may be as plainly garbed as she likes and yet look her best.

It is now too cold for open-work stockings except in the ballroom, but some kind manufacturer has devised a plan by which pretty hosiery of the lattice-work description may still be sported. Not that these stockings are actually composed of open-work; they only resemble it, for the meshes

of the materials of her different gowns to her boot-maker and has the material combined with leather to produce a pretty pair of boots or shoes. Footgear that is partly of cloth and partly of soft kid is more comfortable than any other kind.

It is undoubtedly true that shoes are becoming more pointed than they have been for several years, but the needle points of eight or nine years ago seem fortunately still in the dim distance. The absolutely square toe has fewer followers than formerly, for which men who like to see their women look daintily and femininely clothed are very thankful.

A good and serviceable type of slipper is the patent-leather one, with a moderately high heel, trimmed with a black bow and a steel buckle. A more fanciful slipper is made of dull black kid, embroidered with steel paillettes, and yet a third is a bronze slipper, for such are to be very modish. These are usually bought with a single or double strap, which is buttoned across the instep and lavishly embroidered with bronze beads.



Ribbon looks much better than ordinary shoe laces upon smart footgear, only of course it wears out more quickly.

that look so delicate are nothing more than a clever effect of weaving, and are not really meshes at all.

Lace medallions are set into some of the prettiest stockings for evening wear by girls with a turn for delicate needlework, while others are embroidering flowers on the instep. One pattern shows a basket of gilded cane, overflowing with tiny rosebuds and violets. A very decided novelty in hosiery is a net stocking, embroidered with iridescent sponges. This may very worthily be placed in the catalogue of freaks, as, of course, it is. There is nothing practical about a stocking that will not wash.

Now as to shoes. Since a high and arched instep is in vogue, high heels have come into fashion, and will be worn in the evenings, as well as in the daytime, by girls foolish enough to jeopardise their health. For that the high heel does produce spinal troubles, as well as minor evils such as corns and other pedal discomforts, both the surgeons and chiropodists declare is a fact, wherefore though the high heel may tempt the modern girl she is advised to turn a blind eye upon its charms.

Footgear That Matches Frocks.

Many fanciful boots and shoes are being built for the smart woman to wear out of doors. One girl who is careful in the little details that mean so much in the general effect and who has plenty of pin money with which to gratify her taste, takes pieces

Spangled leather looks well at night, and patent leather is still modish.

COMPLEXIONS IN THE WINTER

FACES WASHED WITH COLD CREAM.

How to wash the face with cold cream is a very interesting beauty subject. There is a trick in it. Done in the right way it is of the greatest benefit



one of the prettiest possible presents that can be procured should now be secured.

It is the *Daily Mirror* miniature which costs so remarkably little and reproduces so faithfully and beautifully the lineaments of a beloved face. What more welcome gift could a husband make to his wife than his own or their child's portrait in this artistic form? These presents are also equally suitable for men to receive, so a sweetheart might give to her betrothed her own portrait for him to keep mounted in a velvet case or hung upon the wall of his smoking-room.

PARISIAN COLOURS.

The fashionable colours in Paris at this time are ash grey, Havana brown, and smoke blue. Gunpowder blue and celery or spinach green are also well liked. Rose, heliotrope, orchid mauve, and blotting-paper pink are seen a great deal, and champagne yellow, ivory white, and pearl grey are worn by the best-dressed people. Sealskin brown is very smart, and chamois yellow and raspberry red are also worn, as are mink brown, mignonette

The very high folded corsicot which is a feature of this frock is one of the daintiest adjuncts an evening dress can have. The gown is a white one, with a gold laco collar, and a little gold mesh cap and rosette is worn on the head.

green, and pansy purple. Opal is for dance wear, lemon yellow for dinner and evening occasion, and turquoise blue for indoor afternoon toilettes.

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to the skin, but done in the wrong way it is of no benefit at all, and, what is more, it wastes the cream, if nothing worse.

All old bits of linen should be saved. Old linen handkerchiefs, odd soft pieces of pillow casings, and even the tag-ends of old linen table napkins that are soft and without a particle of starch or stiffness left in them, are the proper implements for the face.

Abjure Rough Face Towels.

Towelling, on the other hand, is bad. The use of a towel on the face will coarsen the skin, and if the towel be rough it will bring out the tiny red veins, which are a blemish. Do not use bath towels or any other coarse substance on the face. Reserve for this purpose the softest bits of old handkerchiefs you can find.

To wash the face with cold cream, begin by dashing a little hot water upon the face. Use the hands for this purpose, but no soap. Apply a handful of water to the countenance, holding it there a minute to heat the face. Now let the skin dry, and if necessary mop it a little with a soft cloth, but do not rub it. Then take the jar of cold cream and abstract a little with a spoon. Do not get into the habit of dipping the fingers in the cold cream jar.

Put some cold cream in the palm of each hand and rub it on the face, going over the features with the palms of the hands and then with the fingertips. Work slowly, treating the skin to a sort of massage. Apply the cream until the whole face shines and each little crevice and pore is full. It cannot be done in a minute. One of the faults of the woman who tries to improve her skin is that she endeavours to accomplish in a few minutes the work which should take her several times as long.

Take Plenty of Time Over It.

The face is now a brilliant colour. It glows brightly, and there is not an inch that is not massaged with the cream. Leave it on, and the longer the better. A face specialist declares that she cannot cleanse the face in less than half an hour. Certainly it is a good thing to leave the cream on the face for a quarter of an hour.

Now comes the actual cleansing. Remove the superfluous cream with a soft cloth or piece of rag, then apply more cream. This time put it on thick and apply it in a heavy layer, and wipe it off again, working as though you were actually taking off the dirt.

A great deal might be said as to the consistency of the cold cream that is used, which should be very thin. In fact, it ought not to be a great deal thicker than the cream of milk.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Christmas always comes unexpectedly, in a sense, finding one's list of presents so incomplete that very often there is a great rush just before the eventful day to fill in the gaps in the list of gifts. On this account it behoves those who do not want to undergo the strain of shopping at the last moment to give their orders early, for which reason



"Eleven o'clock!"

BEGIN TO-DAY.

SCARLET LIES.

THE GREAT NEW SERIAL NOVEL.

The names of persons and places in this narrative have been changed for reasons that will be obvious.

CHAPTER I.

In His Hour of Triumph.

The large and splendidly proportioned smoking-room of the Junior Paladian Club in Pall Mall was comparatively full for the time of year. Around the big fire in the large fireplace at the end of the room was a group of men—mostly young men, immaculately groomed and clad, drinking and smoking.

"I can never understand," said one of them—a bronzed-checked, soldierly-looking man of about thirty, by name Captain Dick Menzies, D.S.O., of the Egyptian Army—"how it is that that fellow Darch got into this club."

As he spoke he flicked the ash off the end of his cigar and looked in the direction of a tall, thin man who was standing by a table at the other end of the room, reading an evening newspaper.

"Society is only too glad to receive him, don't you make any mistake about that! Money goes a long way. Darch has an office in Throgmorton-street, where he sits tight, with his finger on the pulse of the world's finance. He's a genius, you know." There was a touch of cynicism in the speaker's tones.

"We don't want that sort of genius in here," said Menzies grimly. "But, I say, I didn't know Herrick knew Darch!" This explanation was called forth by the fact that Stephen Herrick, who entered the smoking-room at that moment, recognised Morley Darch, and went over and spoke to him.

A few minutes later the pair approached the group by the big fireplace. Herrick looked particularly elated and happy, and was chatting cheerily to the millionaire, who was frowning ominously.

"Hullo, you fellows!" exclaimed Herrick cheerily. "You may all rise with one accord and congratulate me. I'm the happiest man in the wide world, and I don't envy a living soul."

"But what's happened? Why congratulations now more than at any other time?" asked Menzies. "You live in a whirl of congratulations, you lucky dog!"

"Because, my dear Dick, I am engaged to be married."

"To whom?"

"Miss Mary Armadale has done me the inestimable honour of promising to become my wife. The engagement will be announced in due course. So there! My days as a bachelor will soon be ended."

And then arose quite a paroxysm of congratulations from all sides, special drinks were ordered, and young Neil proposed the healths of the prospective bride and bridegroom.

All the time Morley Darch, scowling and morose, stood silent and alone, watching the somewhat boisterous proceedings, an ironical smile playing round the corners of his sensual lips, a smile that was half a sneer, while in his dangerously fascinating brown eyes were smouldering fires of anger and hatred and jealousy, but slightly kept under control.

Stephen Herrick was quick to notice it. He winced and felt suddenly cold. It was as if in that moment of supreme elation and triumph, when he had told himself that he was the happiest man in the world, a man who had achieved the dearest desire of his heart, and had all that the heart and brain of a man could want, that a chill presentiment of impending evil struck him. It was a memento mori—the skeleton at the feast.

And as he stood there, scanning the sullen face before him, the chorus of congratulations all sounded like hollow mockery, and he felt that he was on the verge of some great catastrophe.

"A telegram for you, sir," said a club servant, entering the room at that moment.

"For me?" exclaimed Stephen Herrick, starting. "Yes, sir. Your man has just brought it round from your chambers. He thought it might be important."

"Thanks!" said Stephen Herrick. "Tell him not to wait. Excuse me, please." He glanced comprehensively around, as he tore open the flimsy, orange-coloured envelope, and extracted the telegram and read it.

A moment afterwards he jerked out a sharp exclamation, and the telegram fluttered to the floor.

"My God!" he gasped. "What can it mean?" Darch picked up the telegram and held it out to Stephen Herrick; but by that time Herrick was half across the large room, striding swiftly towards the door.

"What on earth has happened?" exclaimed Menzies, starting after him.

"Give me the telegram," said Neil. "That may explain." He took it from Darch and read it aloud.

The telegram was short, and ran as follows:—

"Your father met with serious accident. May not survive the night. Come at once."

"JUDITH MORT."

The next instant Stephen Herrick was rushing down the staircase, and a minute afterwards was in a hansom cab, driving swiftly to Euston Station. In Shaftesbury-avenue the shrill cry of a news-boy sent his heart beating faster. The boy was calling out his father's name. He peered out of the window of the cab, and what he saw in large, leaded type on the contents bill of the "Evening News," hung appallingly on the boy, sent a thrill of horror through his veins.

"Attempted Murder of Lord Ruthyn."

CHAPTER II.

In the Midst of Life.

Ruthyn Castle, the Loamshire seat of Lord Ruthyn, was one of the most lovely places in the country. It had been in the Herrick family from time immemorial, for the Herricks had been earls and overlords of the fair lands of Ruthyn and Salchester long before the Norman usurpers came. As all the world knows, their names are writ large on the scroll of fame, and the Herricks have contributed largely to the making of the history of this country.

As Stephen Herrick entered his father's bedroom Lord Ruthyn's lips parted in a cry of joy and relief, and he struggled into a sitting position before Dr. Hatherley or Miss Mort could prevent him, and stretched out his thin, gaunt arms at his son.

"At last!" he cried: "at last! Thank God!"

"My dear old father," cried Stephen, coming to the old man's side, "what does it all mean? How are you? I have heard nothing!"

The woman rose, and her red lips quivered. Without a word she silently left the room with the doctors and nurse.

Stephen knelt by his father's bed, and held the thin, claw-like right hand of the old man.

"Oh, my poor old governor!" he said, in a choked voice. "What has happened? Who has done this terrible thing?"

"Never mind about that now, my boy," answered the dying peer. "Others will tell you all about that. Someone has murdered me—a damnable coward, whoever he was."

"But have you no idea? How was it done? Where? I am consumed with curiosity. Have they got the man?"

The old man shook his head and frowned. He gripped his son's hand as in a vice.

"Stephen," he murmured, and his voice had lost the firm, imperious ring of a moment ago, and sounded faint and almost indistinct; "Stephen, I have much to tell you before I die—so very much; but I am so weak, I feel that everything is slipping away from me—slipping away. And the pain—ah, my God, the pain!"

"Don't trouble to talk, then, father," said the young man soothingly. "Just lie still there. Don't you think I'd better get Hatherley back? He may be able to do something."

"No, no! I must be alone with you, Stephen—quite alone! I cannot die until you know the truth, and yet—ah, I—I—!" He broke off into a groan, and Stephen, watching the old man fighting with approaching death, groaned aloud, too, in torturing agony. It was cruel, it was so grossly unfair.

The old man was fumbling blindly at his neck with his shaking hands.

"What is it, sir?" asked the young man anxiously.

"It is a story, my neck, Stephen!" panted the old man. "I have worn it there for the last twenty years. Take it, Stephen—quick, for the son! I—I feel that the end is very near."

"What do you mean?" asked Stephen breathlessly. "I do not understand!"

"It is a key," answered Lord Ruthyn. "There, you have it! It is the key to the small safe in the library—the small, mahogany-covered safe which stands under the picture of my wife."

A look of terror flashed into the old man's eyes. "Take the key," he said, "and as soon as I am dead, go alone to the library, and lock yourself in there, open the little safe, and in it you will find a foolscap envelope, sealed. Open it, and read the contents."

"Yes, yes; I will do that, of course! And then?"

"And then? Ah, my God!" The old man groaned aloud. "I would that you had come sooner, my son; I would that you might have heard from my own lips what you will read in that statement; but I am weak, and the story is long. I could never tell you now. But what you must do before I die is to give me your solemn

promise before Almighty God that you will carry out my wishes as expressed in that statement. Stephen, I call upon you to promise!"

"Of course, I promise!" replied Stephen Herrick, in a dazed voice.

"No matter how hard it will be for you, no matter what the consequences may be, you will obey my commands as expressed in that statement!"

"I will!" said Stephen Herrick solemnly.

The old man drew in a deep breath of relief and sank back among the pillows for a moment; but only to spring forward again, his eyes gleaming with unnatural light, his face white as paper.

"Stephen," he cried, "I have loved you as my own son! Before Heaven, I love you as my own son! Never forget that—never, Stephen!"

"I want you to remember that when I am gone, my boy, so that, in the years to come, whatever they may be to you, you will be able to think kindly of me. Stephen—"

"Father, what are you saying? It is all so strange! I do not understand!"

"You will understand before long," said the old man solemnly. "And then his voice broke, and a fearful spasm of pain convulsed his features."

But again he rallied his forces of iron will and nerve and raised his gaunt hand.

"You swear to carry out my wishes, Stephen?"

"I swear!" said Stephen solemnly. "So help me God!"

There was an inarticulate groan, then a long, shuddering sigh.

Stephen bent over the old man, and pressed his lips, parched lips to the damp, cold forehead, and knew that he had kissed a dead man.

Stephen turned and staggered from the room.

Outside the white faces turned to him for news.

"My father is dead," he said simply, and clutching the little key he had taken from around the dead man's neck, he strode along the corridor.

Once in the library he took out the key of the safe and opened it.

The sealed envelope was there, just as Lord Ruthyn had described.

It formed the sole contents of the safe.

Stephen tore the seals from the foolscap envelope, and extracted a sheet of foolscap paper, covered in the familiar, cramped little caligraphy of his father.

There were several other papers in the envelope and they were neatly tied together with red tape.

The blue foolscap envelope, which had contained the whole, was inscribed in Lord Ruthyn's handwriting:—

"In the event of my death, this packet and its contents are to be destroyed unread, unless I subsequently give directions to the contrary.—RUTHYN, 26th January, 1899."

CHAPTER III.

A Terrible Confession.

Stephen sat down in his father's favourite arm-chair, and commenced to read the contents of the statement.

"Ruthyn Castle.

"I, John Stephen Revelstone Herrick, eighth Baron Ruthyn, of Ruthyn Castle, in the county of Loamshire, Peer of the United Kingdom, hereby solemnly declare that the facts hereinafter set down are true in every respect:—"

"(1) The certificate of marriage marked A, accompanying this statement, shows that in May of 1875 I married Joan Maria Chandos, who at the time was a danseuse at Paris, acting under and generally known by the name of 'La Belle Yvonne.' I believed her to be a good and pure woman, earning an honest living. She was well-born, and had been well educated, and her age at the time of our marriage was six and twenty. It was thirty-eight, and was at the time the youngest Queen's Counsel at the Bar.

"(2) The certificate of birth, marked B, accompanying this statement, shows that our child was born in March, 1877. He was baptised and registered as Stephen James Lord Ruthyn Herrick.

"(3) For two years after the birth of my son, my wife and I lived happily together, and I had no reason to doubt her fidelity in any way. It was early in the year 1879 that the great blow fell which was to ruin my life's happiness. I discovered accidentally in my wife's boudoir a letter written by a man named Karl Karoff. The letter, which was in German, was signed with nauseating protestations of undying love and devotion. In it he reminded my wife of her former passion, and begged for an appointment, which he suggested should be at my house at three o'clock the following day, when, as he said, the man Herrick would be engaged at the Courts. He signed himself, 'Your true husband for all time, Karoff.'

"(4) When I next saw my wife she appeared to

be very distressed, and when I questioned her about various things she appeared to be preoccupied and embarrassed. From that time I watched her closely, and that night I examined her dressing-pad, and found that she had written to Herr Karoff. I could not decipher the whole of the letter, but I read enough to convince me that my wife meant to see this man. I made it convenient to leave the Temple early the next day, and arrived at my house in Queen's Gate unexpectedly. Without entering into any of the nauseating details of this affair, suffice it to say that I found my wife in the arms of Karl Karoff. Neither of them saw me. I overheard part of their conversation, and from it gathered that the opera-singer was her lover, whom she had met in Paris before I had appeared. 'You would have married me,' said this man to my wife, 'if it had not been for this rich Englishman. You have betrayed me. I was poor, with no fortune but my voice; but the Englishman was rich, and the heir to a great title and great wealth. You chose wealth before love. I am mad!' cried my wife. 'You forget that I am the wife of another man!'

"Both my wife and Herr Karoff exhibited superb self-control, but Herr Karoff took a special delight after my arrival, and made much of my wife in the most conventional manner. She told him to call again, and promised to take me to his performance on the following day.

"When he was gone I accused my wife of infidelity, and threatened her with legal proceedings. I incidentally referred to the seal I had witnessed and the written evidence I had read.

"(5) That night my wife left my house with my son. She left secretly, taking with her only purely personal belongings. She left a letter behind, which accompanies this statement and is marked 'C.' In that letter it will be seen that she again affirms her innocence, and defends her departure by saying that it was impossible for her to live any longer under the roof of my house, so grossly insulted as she had. She stated that from that day she and her child were dead to me and the world, and that I must never attempt to find her. The child, she said, was hers, and she would fight for its possession with her life.

"(6) I make no apology for my attitude, but I made no effort to trace her or my child. I let them go out of my life, and never sought to trace them, and where they went I know not to this day.

"(7) In the year 1882, one bitterly cold February night, a strange thing happened. I had been dining at my club, and returned to my chambers in King's Bench Walk, where I was then living, about eleven o'clock at night. On my doormat I discovered a child asleep—a ragged, half-starved little boy of about three or four years of age. The sight of the child filled me with compassion, and I lifted him up and carried him to my rooms, where I tended him as if he had been my own son. The child was too young to be able to give me any coherent information about himself.

"(8) That night a great resolve seized me. I would keep the child, and adopt it as my own son, and let it take the place of my own child. No need is there for me to enter into details now; suffice it to say that that is what I actually did. From that time forth the unknown wail became the Honourable Stephen Herrick, and the heir to the Ruthyn title and estates.

"(9) The man who is now the Honourable Stephen Herrick is not my son, but it is that same little starveling I found outside my chambers on the snowy February night.

"(10) In 1888 I was made a Judge, and shortly afterwards, while on circuit at Winchester, I tried Karl Karoff on a charge of fraud. He was found guilty, and I sentenced him to twenty years' penal servitude. It was an excessive sentence. I might have given him seven years, but I chose to take my revenge when it came to me.

"(11) A year afterwards, in 1887, my father died, and I became Lord Ruthyn. From that time to this the nameless wail has occupied the position of my son and heir, and I have grown to love him as such. He has proved himself more than worthy, and I am proud of him, and would to God he were really my son.

"These, then, are the bald facts of the case, and it causes me infinite pain and regret to find myself to put them in black and white. I have done so, however, because I realise that a time may come when I may desire to right the wrong I have done to my son and my rightful heir. If, and when that time comes, and I give this statement to be read, I call solemnly upon the person to whom I shall give it to leave no stone unturned, and to find out Ruthyn and my son, and to place the facts of the case before the proper legal authorities, and so do justice, seeing that my son inherits what is by right his.

"To the man who is known as my son, and who bears the honoured name of Herrick, I can only tender my deepest sympathy, and I beg him to forgive me, and to place upon him to do all in his power to find my wife and child, and

THE GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY—Continued from Previous Page.

to reinstate them in the position which is rightfully theirs.

"In the event of his failing to find them, I beg of him to consider above all other things the family name and the honour of Lord Ruthyn."

That was all. The extraordinary document was signed "Ruthyn." There were some words added as a kind of postscript several months later. They were to the following effect:

"Since writing the above, I know that it will be Stephen alone who will read this document. To him I appeal, and call upon him to give up his false position, and to reinstate my wife and her son—my son."

"I wish to provide for the man now called Stephen Herrick. I leave him £1,000 a year, and the 'Thicket' as a house to live in, and trust to my real son, when found, to carry out this bequest."

"Since writing the above," the postscript continued, "I have by accident heard that, three years after my wife left me, she and my child were living under the name of Lang in 63, Hercules-road, Balham. I made inquiries there, but could not trace them. I thought of professional help. That is left for the man I have looked upon as my son, and who is known to the world as Stephen Herrick."

CHAPTER IV. The Voice of the Serpent.

Stephen read this startling document through as a man in a dream. The amazing confession staggered him. For some time he sat like a man in a trance, mentally and physically paralysed with the thing he had learnt.

Tears of insensate rage blinded his eyes. He rose and threw the papers angrily back into the safe.

"I will not do it!" he said between his clenched teeth. "I cannot do it!" And then suddenly he remembered. He had sworn a most solemn oath. "I must!" he groaned. "I must!"

In the midst of these melancholy musings a sound fell upon his ear, the swishing sound of a woman's gown sweeping the ground.

Stephen turned, and saw Judith Mort advancing towards him. Her slow, dragging walk, the gravity of her white face and her black gown, brought him back more keenly than ever the consciousness of his loss.

Now she approached him with outstretched hands, and her wonderful eyes were suffused with tears, so that they looked like violets under water. "Stephen," she said, "as an old friend, let me speak what is in my heart. I loved him dearly, so I can understand your grief. I know what he was to you, the best of fathers and the best of friends. But, Stephen, you must not wrap yourself up in your grief. You must remember that you step into his high place; you have new duties, heavy responsibilities, a great many people dependent on you. You must be up and doing, Stephen; you must shirk your duties at the outset."

When she had finished he stood in silence for a full minute.

"Suppose," he said at last, in a very quiet voice, "I were to tell you, Judith, that I have really no duties, no responsibilities, no people dependent on me?"

"Stephen!" At first she looked dazed, stupefied; then she raised her eyes and searched his face without concealing her pitiless scrutiny. His words sounded mad; she had no clue to them. But she knew there was some mystery. Indeed, she had come into the Italian garden that morning purposely to find it out. The old peer's feverish anxiety to see his son before he died; several mysterious words that he had let fall when semi-delirious; the constant feeble clawing of his hands at a key that he wore on a ribbon round his neck; the rigorous exclusion of everyone from the death-chamber during the interview between father and son—all that pointed to some unusual, something that was a secret between the two men.

Judith Mort had pondered over it deeply ever since; but she had arrived at no conclusion except that it was probably some family secret. But from all the signs it seemed as if it were a very grave matter, almost a matter of life and death. She had a bold, but not a reckless, mind; she was formulating the wildest hypotheses, but she could find none to meet this case.

And now it seemed that she had stumbled on the explanation.

"Stephen!" she cried. "What can you possibly mean? You must be mad! You have no duties—no responsibilities—no people dependent on you?"

He stood still. Suddenly he determined to tell her the story. It would be such an overwhelming relief to speak of it to some human soul. He would trust her implicitly. She had loved his father; she was his friend.

"Suppose I were to tell you, Judith," he began, in a forced, harsh voice, "that I am not Lord Ruthyn, that I am an impostor and a fraud?"

"Stephen!" she cried faintly. Almost anything she had expected, but not this.

"I will tell you everything," he said. "You shall judge if such a terrible blow was ever dealt to any man before. On his death-bed Lord Ruthyn gave me the key to his safe in the library, and told me that I should find a document concealed there, and made me swear to carry out the instructions contained therein. I swore before God. After his

death I read the document, and it told me that I am not his son."

"Not his son!" she gasped. "Who are you, then?"

"Heaven knows!" he exclaimed bitterly. "A waif, a foundling, whom he found one night outside his chambers in the Temple. Listen, Judith. It is a simple story enough," and he told her the whole truth.

"It is cruel," she murmured, for the moment genuinely shocked. "Oh, Stephen, he is dead, I know, but don't you feel bitter against him?"

He shook his head. It had not occurred to him to judge the dead man, either in his relations with his wife and son, or in this lifelong deception practised on himself. His devotion to the man he called father had been so genuine; he had grown so accustomed to looking on him as the great English nobleman should be, that it seemed impossible now to adopt an attitude of criticism, even though this same man had, in effect, and apparently deliberately, ruined the whole of his life.

"What are you going to do?" the woman asked, and the lids dropped over her eyes, because they had grown keen and searching again, and sympathy had given place to a strained anxiety.

"I must set to work to find them at once," he answered. There was no eagerness in his voice,

son—the man who was the rightful master here, where he, the waif, the nameless foundling, was masquerading as such.

His heart was full of bitterness inexpressible, his mind was a chaos of black thought. He cried out in his agony against the dead man, against the world, against God.

"Oh, it is cruel—cruel—cruel!" he groaned aloud.

CHAPTER V.

Conscience Put to Sleep.

He did not hear a light footstep behind him. He started as Judith Mort's voice sounded in his ears. She had heard that cry of anguish, torn from his inmost soul, and her eyes glittered.

"Oh, Stephen," she murmured, "I have been thinking of you all the time."

"I expected you would have left," she added gently.

"Judith, I am a mortal coward!" he cried hoarsely. He was too unstrung, too demoralised, to attempt to cloak his feelings from her. "Help

worthy, while you are worthy, you will be doing harm, instead of good."

"I know they live!" cried Stephen doggedly. "I know they will be found!"

"Why find them?" she whispered.

"Oh, Judith, I promised, I swore!" She came quite close to him. Her voice was almost drowned in a fierce gust of wind, but the whispered words penetrated to his brain with a terrible distinctness.

"Why not destroy the papers?"

The thought must have been slumbering in his mind. Yesterday he would have turned from her as from a poisonous snake; to-day he clenched his hands and cried out in agony: "Don't tempt me, Judith! For God's sake don't tempt me!"

"If they came forward then," she went on, "they would have to prove their claim. They could never do that after all these years."

"But I swore to him on his deathbed. It was his dying wish!"

"Men have strange fancies when they are dying," she said. "Why should the actions of years count less than a few words spoken in the delirium of death?"

"Oh, Judith, I dare not—I dare not!"

Her face was very near to his; he looked at her with clouded eyes. Personally she was nothing to him; but her beauty, her glowing colour, her strange magnetism, stood to him in that demented moment for all that was beautiful and splendid and worth having in life. He gazed into the purple depths of her eyes, and he felt faint and dazed; a power seemed to emanate from her and strike down to the roots of his being—a power he could not resist.

"Come!" she whispered. "Come now, Stephen, and destroy the papers, and you will be safe. I will stand by you; I will help you! Your life and mine are indissolubly joined. We must stand or fall together."

He did not grasp the subtle meaning of her words. He was spent with the warring of his emotions, utterly worn out. Her hand was on his arm; she led him like a child towards the house. He was magnetised by the force of her will, by the force of his own desires.

"I cannot give it up!" he breathed. "I cannot give it up!"

"You will destroy them?"

"Yes!"

"Where are the papers?"

"I put them back in the little safe in the library, where I found them; I have not looked at them again; I put them back after I had read them. Their contents are written in words of fire in my brain."

"Have you the key on you now?"

"Yes; it is on a ribbon round my neck—as he wore it."

"Then come!"

They entered the house through the great glass-roofed palm-garden, and so out into the inner hall, which they crossed without meeting a soul. Judith opened the door of the library, and almost pushed Stephen into the room; then she closed the door, and silently slipped the bolt.

It was a noble room, panelled with mahogany; the many book-cases jutted out from the walls like ribs. The thick carpet deadened their footsteps as they walked to the other end, where the small safe stood.

"The key!" whispered Judith impatiently—"the key!"

He fumbled under his collar, and pulled it out, swinging on the narrow black ribbon that the dead man had worn. She tried to take it from him; but he held it fast.

"No, Judith," he said suddenly. "I can't—I can't! I promised—I swore before God!"

"Stephen, be strong," she pleaded. "It is this wavering that will kill you. Give me the key!"

But suddenly she was struck into awed silence, for Stephen, with vacant eyes and trembling lips, was repeating solemn, terrible words—the words of his oath.

His voice broke, he shuddered from head to foot, and covered his eyes with his hands.

Quick as thought Judith snatched the key, which fell from his nerveless fingers to the ground. There was not a moment to lose. Conscience was not dead in him; it was only sleeping, and even now it stirred in his sleep. She scorned his weakness that could fear an oath.

"Is there any special combination?" she asked authoritatively, as she inserted the tiny key in the scarcely visible lock.

"No, it is an ordinary lock."

He spoke like a man in a dream. He ceased to offer resistance, but stood swaying to and fro, with his hands covered his eyes.

The woman turned the key, and the heavy little door swung open.

Then Judith Mort started back with a loud cry.

Stephen looked up, and started forward. Then they both fell back, and stared at each other in the gathering gloom. The deathly silence was broken only by the howling of the wind and the lashing of heavy rain against the windows.

The safe was empty. The papers had gone.

[The continuation of this Most Powerful Story will be found in "ANSWERS," the great Home Journal, on sale at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls, TO-DAY. GET A COPY NOW.]



The Signal.

only resignation. "The man is Lord Ruthyn; he is master here. Every hour I stay I am wronging him."

"But twenty years is a long time," she said meaningly. "Supposing he is dead?"

"In that case I remain as I am. It was my father's wish. But I must take proper steps to discover him," he said emphatically. "It is most unlikely that he is dead."

He held out his hand, and she laid her cool fingers in his friendly grasp. Then he turned and left her, continuing his restless walk, his head sunk on his chest.

He walked towards the house, and as he disappeared, Judith Mort stood still and gazed after him. Her beautiful face was distorted with anger; the splendid eyes blazed out their purple fire; the red lips were pressed together in a cruel line. Her whole little form trembled with suppressed and impotent rage.

"Fool!" she muttered, in a voice choked with the violence of her feelings—"weak, childish fool! Why was I not in your place? You have all this in your grasp, and you can think of giving it up tamely because you swore an oath to pacify a dying man! But you shall not! I will save you."

* * * * *

Again Stephen Herrick, the false Lord Ruthyn, walked in the Italian garden alone. He had meant in all good faith that very day to take the first step towards the discovery of the woman who had been the late Lord Ruthyn's lawful wife, and of her

me to be strong. I have been thinking, and I ought not to think. My duty is plain, and yet I have let to-day slip by. Oh, Judith, it is more than I can bear."

He was much too agitated to notice the little smile that had curved her lips when he spoke of a detective. She looked into his face with fascinated curiosity. She saw many things that pleased her written there. Her brain worked with abnormal rapidity; she instantly changed all the tactics she had come prepared with.

"They must be dead, Stephen," she said emphatically. "I have been thinking it over. I am sure they are dead. It is not reasonable to suppose that they would have remained hidden for more than twenty years, or that they would not have come forward when they heard that your father was dead. Yes, your father, Stephen. By his own act he made you his son. He has been dead a week now; the news went everywhere. They have had plenty of time to advance their claim. They have remained silent; they must be dead."

"I feel that they are alive!" cried the man violently. "I feel it! I know it! They live, and they will be found, and they will rob me of what has been mine."

"If they are found," she went on firmly, "this man who will be master of Ruthyn—who shall say what he will be like? He may be totally unfitted for his position. He may be a bore—even a criminal. Who shall say what life he has led? Who shall say to what a pass poverty has reduced him and his mother? Think, Stephen, if he is un-